

COUNTRY LIFE

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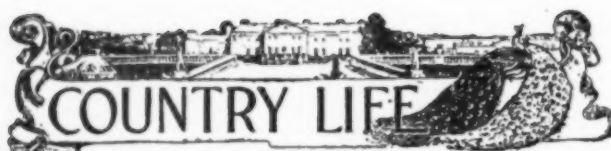
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SPEAIGHT.

HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE FOOD OF BIRDS.

IN our "Agricultural Notes" this week, briefly summarised, are the conclusions to which Mr. Walter Collinge has been driven by a prolonged examination of the crops of the twenty-nine species of our most common birds in England. Our title by no means indicates the exact scope of the book, because there is a section of it devoted very properly to the positive harm which birds do. This is made manifest particularly in the chapter headed "Birds as Destroyers and Distributors of Weed Seeds." This matter was experimentally tested owing to a statement made by Dr. Judd. One thing proved absolutely was that seeds, after having passed through a bird, were still capable of germination. "In order to test to what extent, if any, different species of birds were instrumental in disseminating weeds, a quantity of soil was sterilised and then placed in ordinary flower-pots, etc. Droppings of the different species were then collected and placed upon the soil, and a little fine soil scattered above them." Kerner also experimented: "For this purpose he took fruits and seeds belonging to two hundred and fifty different species of plants and fed them to the following birds:—Blackbird, song-thrush, rock-thrush, robin, jackdaw, cross-bill, pigeon,

fowl, turkey and duck; and also the following mammals: Marmot, horse, ox and pig. The faeces were examined after each meal to ascertain what seeds they contained, and were then laid on a separate bed of earth, and at the same time fruits and seeds of the same plants which had not been used for food were planted in an adjoining bed." The birds resolve themselves into three groups with regard to the matter under dispute. The first is made up of those which grind up even the hardest fruits and seeds in their muscular gizzards, which are, in addition, usually filled with small stones and sand. Among these, some strip the fruits and seeds, and thus cause their destruction. These birds include the turkey, the common fowl, the pigeon, the duck, the cross-bill, the bullfinch, the goldfinch, the siskin, the serin-finch, the nutcracker and the titmouse. The second group is formed of ravens and jackdaws. In them "the drupes and hard-coated seeds of the berries are passed uninjured through the intestine, whilst soft-coated seeds and fruits were all destroyed." Kerner found that after these birds had been fed with cherries, the cherry stones were every one able to germinate. The third group was formed of the blackbird, the song-thrush, the rock-thrush and the robin. The blackbird was the greatest gourmand, and never relieved its crop of the stony seeds. Kerner's conclusion was that "of the fruit and seeds which passed through the intestine, 75 per cent. germinated in the case of the blackbird, 85 per cent. in the case of the thrush, 88 per cent. in the case of the rock-thrush, and 80 per cent. in the case of the robin." It will be seen that this is very interesting matter, and places birds with scientific accuracy in their true place in the rural economy.

To turn back to our original point, one of our correspondents supplies a concrete example of the value which such a book as this may possess for farm and garden. He wishes to make a wire netting enclosure in which to grow fruit, so that, without having to undertake the very disagreeable business of shooting the birds, he may secure his berries and cherries from their attacks. With others, he thought that the thieves to be dealt with were mostly blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, and birds of about that size, in which case netting of an inch mesh would have excluded them effectually. But he mentions that a professional gardener told him that he would have to protect his fruit against the tom-tit, and in turning up these birds in the Index Expurgatorius we find that there is a heavy indictment against them. Tom-tit we take to be a gardener's word for all the tits. Now, the great tit is said to occasion a considerable amount of damage to apple and pear trees. It is true that he compensates for this by the destruction of injurious insects; but in the case of one who is thinking of making a permanent netting that does not matter. In fact, at certain seasons when it was desirable to have the trees cleansed of insects it would be possible to open the doors and let the birds in, but if they destroy at other seasons they must be kept out, and hence the argument for a small mesh seems to be very strong indeed. Mr. Collinge evidently has a weak spot for the blue tit, because he speaks in its favour "in spite of all that has been chronicled against it." He arrives at his favourable conclusion, however, by striking a balance between its good and evil deeds, and here, again, the fruit-grower who has made up his mind to exclude birds by the use of wire netting at the time when his fruit ripens must take no account of the good deeds, because he does not mean to kill. All that he says to the birds is that they must go and pick up their living elsewhere.

The moral of the whole story is simply that Nature and man between them have at the present moment allowed birds to multiply to an extraordinary extent. Nature has done so by sending a long succession of very mild winters. There has not been a frost for years like the one of 1894-95, and a consequence is that far more than the usual proportion of birds have lived through the winter and been able to nest in spring. Man has seconded this by passing and enforcing certain Acts for the protection of wild birds. The principle of this legislation has been excellent, and the aims of those who promoted it unquestionable; but it has not come out well in every point.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Her Highness the Duchess of Fife, elder daughter of the Princess Royal, whose betrothal to H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught was announced on Wednesday last.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

ON another page will be found an authoritative history of the Bee Disease, which continues to spread through the English counties. It was inspired by an article, "The Bee Mystery" by a contemporary, who wrote in the key that "little or nothing is known about the Isle of Wight Disease." It is much to be regretted that the popular writer did not make himself acquainted with the facts, since the only chance of dealing effectively with the malady is to spread correct information about it. The nature and history of the disease have been previously expounded in our columns; but we are glad at the present time, when so much apprehension is felt about its spreading, to recapitulate the facts. As far back as 1905 Dr. H. B. Fantham and Miss Annie Porter had noticed the minute animal parasite known as *Nosema apis* in sick bees from the Isle of Wight. It had previously been detected in Bavaria by Professor Zander and Professor Döflein. The organism is closely allied to *Nosema bombycis*, which, in the middle of last century, almost ruined the silk industry of France. M. Pasteur suggested an effective means of dealing with the latter, although not until the silk industry of France had been seriously injured. Unfortunately, it cannot be applied to *Nosema apis*, and the only sound recommendations that can be made are "to exterminate rigorously every diseased hive and to disinfect the skeps and everything about the apiary." This will involve a large and expensive amount of destruction, but it will be the cheapest in the long run.

Owners of grouse moors must very greatly regret that sufficient financial support was not forthcoming to keep the Commission sitting a little longer. Had it been in existence this year, there would have been more opportunities of studying the disease. As far as we can make out, it does not seem to have attacked all the moors in Scotland, or even a majority of them; but we have information from owners to show that there are many moors where it threatens to ruin this season's shooting. The reason why does not seem very difficult to give. There is certainly a close connection between grouse disease and the rain gauge. A wet season is very bad for the grouse, and two wet seasons in succession practically fatal, especially if the rain falls at a time when it interferes with the burning of the heather. The correspondent who wrote "Burn! burn! burn!" has got the truth of the matter in him. Fire on a grouse moor, as elsewhere, is the greatest purifier extant, and it is clear that grouse thrive much better on young and fresh shoots of heather than they do on heather allowed to grow rank and contaminated.

Many of our readers will already have heard with regret of the passing away of a fine sportsman in the person of Colonel Cotes of Pitchford Hall, Shropshire. Architects and antiquarians will remember the pictures which we showed of Pitchford Hall as far back as 1901. It is an ancient, timber-framed house, with a charm peculiarly its own. Sportsmen, on the other hand, know Pitchford as possessing a remarkably fine kennel of setters and pointers. The place has been long renowned for pointers. The father of Colonel Cotes, who was born in 1799, remembered them being there in his childhood. The pointers were given up in 1885; but on Colonel Cotes succeeding, he very soon re-established them. From his early boyhood

he had been interested in these dogs, working a team of them himself in his Eton days. Partly, this was due to a natural gift for dog training, and partly to that taste having been developed in the very fine partridge country round Pitchford, where he and another gun, the present Lord Enniskillen, killed in two and a-half successive days over dogs, in the seventies, eighty-two, sixty and forty brace respectively. The Colonel will be greatly missed in his county.

This year there has been a very large increase in the number of entries received by the National Rifle Association for the competitions held during the Bisley Meeting. This increase is due to the widespread belief among shooting-men that very considerable alterations will be made in the programme next year, and that this is therefore the last meeting which will be held under the old conditions. Many men have entered who have not been to Bisley for a number of years. In the first shoot of the Meeting, the Waldegrave, which was held on Monday last, four competitors made possibles at both ranges, and in the tie shooting Mr. H. St. G. Maxwell, the winner, made eighteen bull's-eyes for tie shots. Colonel Mellish was second with one less. Mr. Maxwell, therefore, made thirty-eight consecutive bull's-eyes to count, as the shoot is one of ten rounds at 900yds. and ten at 1,000yds. This is a record for the Waldegrave. Mr. Maxwell was captain of the Oxford Eight and of the Match Rifle Team.

CRADLE SONG.

(Imitated from the Russian.)

Sleep! Babyönka,* sleep!
By thy side Bâbochka† watches.
Round the house the wind blows high,
Soars the eagle in the sky;
Hark! I hear the woodcock cry!
Sleep! my darling, sleep!
O'er thy slumbers Saints are watching.

Sleep! Babyönka, sleep!
Bâbochka will rock thy cradle.
Wind that rustles through the trees,
Eagle soaring o'er the breeze,
Woodcock whistling in the reeds‡,
Bring my darling sleep!
Babyönka dear, the Saints are watching.

Sleep! my darling, sleep!
Bâbochka Babyönka watches.
Wind, and eagle, woodcock brown,
All of them come rushing down,
To the cot where Baby slumbers.
They have brought Babyönka sleep!
O'er thy slumbers Saints are watching.

* Babyönka (baby). † Bâbochka (little woman, mother) ‡ The sand-banks in the Oka and Volga are strewn with small white shells and partly covered by sweet-smelling dock-leaves; they swarm with landrails and woodcock (D. Grigorovitch).

C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD.

During a season such as the present, when there is a scarcity of such fruits as plums and pears, the value of pot-grown trees is fully appreciated. Owing to the protection that can be given at the most critical periods, good crops are assured under skilful management. That these crops are not of a meagre kind was well demonstrated at the Royal Horticultural Society's meeting on Tuesday last, when a splendid group of these pot-grown fruit trees was arranged at one side of the vast hall. In addition to peaches and nectarines, these embraced such fine gages as Early Transparent and Jefferson's, as well as early dessert apples and pears. Naturally, the quality and appearance of fruits grown in this way are superior to that of outdoor examples, and more than repays the trouble taken in their cultivation.

At a special meeting of the Council of the Charity Organisation Society for the purpose of "an enquiry into prices paid for food in London in February and March, 1913," the Rev. J. C. Pringle made a suggestion that deserves the attention of Parliament. It is well known that when very large catches of fish are made, rather than sell the surplus at a cheap rate, it is very frequently thrown back into the sea or otherwise destroyed. The writer more than once has seen a huge catch of herrings thrown on to the land as manure. Now there is a good deal of righteous indignation felt at the destructive methods of the modern trawler which, in its ordinary operations, kills millions of immature fish. This is bad enough; but it is much worse

to throw good fish into the sea at a time when provisions are so costly. The prices of commodities continue to go up, and, as far as one can see, are likely to go on doing so. If that be the case, then it will become the duty of our law-makers to take precautions against waste. In other countries combinations are frequent enough to keep up the price of food; they are not unknown in this country; and it will be well to nip such conspiracies in the bud. Any trust or combination having for its object or effect a needless increase in the price of food ought to be made illegal.

Of those who during the long summer days are pent in the city, few are more to be pitied than the children of the alleys and slums of London. It is very hard on them that at a time when their little feet should be twinkling over the grass or splashing in the water, they have still to remain in their surroundings of brick and plaster and dirt. For this reason we are always willing to lend what aid we can to the promoters of the Fresh Air Fund, the object of which is to give these little waifs and strays a whiff of fresh air. The contributor of nine-pence can send one of them to the country for a whole day and provide it with good food during that time. Anyone by subscribing ten shillings can ensure to a street arab a fortnight's holiday at the seaside. The mere statement of that fact ought to open the pockets of those who can afford these small contributions. They should be sent to the Secretary at 23, St. Bride's Street, London, E.C.

Those who are interested in the philosophy of small things may draw a useful moral from the cricket of the past fortnight. It is common knowledge that many of the counties are languishing for lack of support, and there is not the edge to the interest in their contests which used to be noticeable. But in certain matches the interest has risen to a most exciting pitch. The annual battles of the schools, for example, particularly Eton and Harrow and Eton and Winchester, were watched with the greatest eagerness. In the match between the 'Varsities even the ladies forgot their frocks, and watched the effect of the strokes with the same concentrated attention with which they hang on the accents of a great orator or actor. The matches between Gentlemen and Players proved to be equally enthralling. One reason that has been given for this is that the public would rather watch amateurs than professionals. The latter, who are often (and not wrongly) called modern gladiators, "ply for hire," and their contests can never be quite so fascinating as those of competitors who play merely for love of the game.

In New York a considerable amount of discussion has taken place over the action of Mr. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan receives from his Government a salary equal to £2,400 per annum; but this sum is not sufficient even for the requirements of a simple Democrat in the town of Washington, and therefore he has to eke it out with his earnings as a lecturer. The other day he began a series at Hendersonville, North Carolina, and he seems to be employed for this purpose by an agency. His side of the argument is that, before entering the Cabinet, he could make between five thousand and six thousand pounds a year out of lecture fees, newspaper articles, and the profits of what used to be his weekly paper, the *Commoner*. George Washington evidently did not contemplate the advent of Democrats of the type of Mr. W. J. Bryan, nor did those who drew up the American Constitution, otherwise they would not have expected their legislators to exist on a yearly pittance of £2,400. The question is now whether the United States will consent to pay its Ministers on a more generous scale, or whether the nobility inherent in a Democrat will cause Mr. Bryan to forswear the occupations which he has made so lucrative. We cannot imagine that things will remain *in statu quo*, because that would cause American Ministers to be laughed at.

America is a country where extremes meet, and a story recounted in the newspapers of the same day as those which told about Mr. Bryan, illustrates another side. Three years ago a young New York millionaire, named O'Brien, disappeared and was given up for dead. He had been a considerable athlete in his time, a great football player for his university and, generally speaking, a man of his hands all round. When his college course ended he disappeared from view, and was only discovered a few days ago. He was recognised at Van Buren, Arkansas, on an engine which he was working. He is, in fact, now an assistant engine-driver on the Missouri-Pacific Railway. On being questioned as to the reason for this, as some would think, eccentric conduct, he replied that he was tired of being a rich man, "with nothing to do but play the society game and study new ways to kill time"—a very terse and pregnant summing up of the fashionable world of New York. He went on: "I

have a job, and when I convince myself that I have 'made good' in the world, I will return home. Just now I wouldn't trade my £300 a year position for the biggest fortune in the world." Comment on this is unnecessary; it offers its own.

Referring to a recent article pleading for a larger share of mercy to be accorded by gamekeepers and others to the jay, a correspondent who is much interested in forestry writes to claim a point in the jay's favour. Some trees, as we know, have a form of seed case which leads to the dispersion of the seed, as it travels to some little distance from the parent tree in spirals of flight during its fall from the branch. It is not so with the seed of the oak, which falls directly downwards. It is claimed for the jay that it does a work of real value to the forester in the oak woods owing to its corvine habit of picking things up and hiding them. It acts thus with the acorns, carrying them to some little distance from the place where it finds them and then industriously burying them. In this way it does a double service to the future oak crop, both by the dispersion of the seed and by actually sowing it in conditions perfectly suited to its germination. The jay is such a gay and gallant villain, if villain he be at all, that we welcome every excuse that may be made for him.

Just at the moment when the town of Norwich was holding its celebrations to the memory of George Borrow a proposal was put forward by Lord Beauchamp, on behalf of a donor who desires to be anonymous, for setting up a statue of an equally, though very differently, famous benefactor of society whom Norwich has the honour to claim, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. She was born in the Borrovian city, one of the large family of the Gurneys, in 1780. To many she is known but vaguely as a "famous Quakeress," but her very real title to fame, and to the dignity it is now proposed to confer on her memory, is her zealous and most effective humanitarian work in the dreadful prisons of the early part of the nineteenth century, especially in the old jail at Newgate. The offer of the statue is made to the Corporation of London, and the proposition is that it shall be set up in the vicinity of that old Newgate prison where the Quaker lady worked so nobly. It is only to be hoped that the sculptor entrusted with the design will succeed in finding sufficient materials for his portrait to be tolerably faithful to the original.

A JAPANESE JOY-BELL.

'Tis made of sundry slips and squares of glass,
Duly suspended with a scarlet string
Round four concentric rings of plaited grass—
A frail yet dainty thing!

Touched by light fingers of the wandering air,
How blithely, neither lessened nor decreased,
It tinkles back the old tune taught to scare
The demons of the East!

I could contrive, of trifles cheap as those,
Marshalled and tuned, my talisman to make!
Will it avail to baffle darker foes
When rougher winds awake?

AGNES S. FALCONER.

Tuesday was St. Swithin's Day, and country folk considered it ominous that it opened with a downpour of rain. The old adage says that if it is fair on St. Swithin's Day it will be fair for forty days after, and if it rains it will be wet for a corresponding period. The weatherwise will have it that there are few popular sayings which work out more accurately. There may be the lapse of a day or two in the reckoning, the period may be a little longer or a little shorter; but if it is wet about the middle of July, what they call in the North of England a "bruckle" summer is likely to follow. Thus speaks the voice of experience; but exceptions prove the rule, and we hope that this year truth will be demonstrated in that more agreeable fashion.

An interesting footnote to our recent correspondence about Nairobi is to be found in the *East African Standard* of Saturday, June 14th, which contains an account of the opening of the Scott Sanatorium. It is a pity that Dr. Henry Scott did not live to see the completion of the institute which bears his name; but his idea has been effectually carried out, very largely through the generosity of Mr. McMillan, who gave a donation of £1,000 towards the founding and has also guaranteed £2,500 as a loan to assure the freedom of the concern from financial difficulties. The building is a fine one, situated upon the crest of a high hill

overlooking the French Mission. In the words of our contemporary, the eye of anyone standing upon the verandah "sweeps over miles of beautiful verdant valleys, billowy hills and far-flung plains." There was a very large assemblage of visitors who came in motors, in rickshaws and on bicycles, and they seemed at one in admiring the comfort and even luxury of the interior. Indeed, as Mr. Bowring pointed out, the erection marks a great step forward in the development of the Protectorate. The sanatorium ought to be equally useful to the big-game shot, who follows his sport under circumstances peculiarly liable to end in his breakdown, and to the settler, who in his pioneer work has to face a new climate under conditions the reverse of luxurious.

We are very glad to hear that in part, at all events, as the result of the plea entered by Mr. Hesketh Prichard in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July in favour of imposing a legal close time during which the great grey seals shall be protected, a Bill to that end is shortly to be brought forward in Parliament. Probably even those who now make a profitable use of the dead carcasses of the seals will find their own best and permanent interests well served by a reasonable protection of these big and rather defenceless sea mammals. On the island of Haskeir, of which Mr. Prichard principally writes, he evidently thinks that the grey seals' days, or, at all events, their years, are numbered unless some such protection be given them. It is a curious thing about this great grey seal that it is the principal inhabitant, of its family, of islands so far South as the

Scillies. There are some of the other, generally and rightly named the common seal, also, but the great grey are in predominant numbers, partly perhaps because of their predominant size. But the fauna of the Scilly Islands show other signs of this tendency of Northern forms to find their way there, far South though the isolated position of the island lies.

In connection with that constantly vexed question about the tarring of the roads, in order to protect the dwellers by the roadsides from the dust raised by the motors, and the injury liable to be done to the valuable fish in the rivers into which the effluent of the tar is apt to be washed in a heavy rain-storm, there is one point at least which is usually overlooked, and that is the effect of the chemicals on the insects and molluscs and crustaceans on which the fish feed. We have heard of processes of road treatment for which it is claimed that they cannot have any bad effect on the fish life, and the contention is supported by a tolerable weight of evidence. Accepting that evidence for what it may be worth, according to the conditions in which the trial is conducted, it still has to be remembered that it does not, even so, say the last word on the matter. It is quite possible, and indeed it is strongly suspected to be the case with regard to certain chemicals, that they may not do any direct injury to the fish, and yet may indirectly work them great harm by destroying the small aquatic creatures on which they live. Before we can pronounce with any confidence that a process is innocuous it must be proved to have no ill effect on the food supply of the fish as well as on the fish themselves.

THE ROTTEN ROW OF NEW YORK.

THE great variety of character found in different cities is usually traceable to some natural cause, such as the exigencies of climate, etc.; that many of the characteristics of New York—such, for instance, as its unique architecture—arise out of the fact that it is "founded upon a rock," may be taken for granted. This has made the "skyscraper" a possibility, giving the city a distinction quite its own, and at the same time gratifying the characteristic love of the "Yankee" for having the "biggest thing upon earth." The same cause gives a unique character to the New York parks, the Bronx and Central Park. Though the latter occupies a very similar situation in regard to that town that Hyde Park does to London, no two parks could be more dissimilar. In Central Park the rock subsoil is constantly cropping up through the surface in the form of miniature mountains, and, helped by the art of the landscape gardener, this gives a wild character to parts of the park that we are quite unaccustomed to associate with such places.

With a faint recollection of an old photograph of "Riding in Central Park," I wended my way there one very hot June forenoon hoping that, as in London, I should be able to pass the riders in review and criticise the various eccentricities of horsemanship from the unassailable position of a penny chair. Disappointment, however, was my lot, as with the exception of a mounted policeman near the entrance and a squirrel I chanced to meet, there was nothing on four legs to be seen. Streams of "automobiles," evidently using the park drive as a

means of going somewhere and not as an end in itself, were all that was to be seen. Near the main entrance was a little group of mounting blocks at the end of a quite unpretentious road between high bushes, along which one could not see far, which was evidently used for riding; in fact, I found a notice-board to the effect that it was "only for equestrians." Enquiry elicited the fact that at this season the evening, about sundown, was the favourite time for riding. Hence one evening, with the valour of ignorance born of a very slight acquaintance



CENTRAL PARK: ONE OF THE SUNK ROADS.



THE MOUNTING STONES.

with the horse of commerce or hireling. I resolved to be for once one of the equestrians, to whom only was open the mysterious pathway the end of which I had beheld. Having found adjacent an establishment called the Central Park Riding Academy, and having paid a minimum fee of three dollars and innocently replied in the negative to a question as to whether I had ever ridden in New York before, I was led forth to where what had once been a horse patiently waited for me, as he had no doubt waited for many a victim during years past. Having success-

fully mounted into what seemed a cross between an old saddle and a discarded poultice, without upsetting the ancient Rosinante, like the Teuton amateur soldier when mounted for the first time after promotion to mounted rank, I said, addressing the ancient hair trunk below, "Now begin," and his weary legs began to move.

Somehow, on the back of a very bad horse one feels particularly naked and ashamed; but much comfort can be derived from the story of the old squire, who used—when remonstrated

with regarding his clothes at home—to say: "Oh, everyone knows me here," and, with equal satisfaction, when in town: "Oh, nobody knows me here." The latter quite fitted my case, as also did a remark I once heard made by an old groom regarding the somewhat shabby mount of a lady at one time well known as an artist: "Good enough to draw pictures on, anyway."

The riding-track of Central Park, so far as I explored it, is a winding road, crossed by a succession of bridges of all kinds, from the most rustic to the latest type of cast-iron. By making the track wind in and out and cut down between high rocks and among fine trees and undergrowth a very picturesque effect is got, and at the same time the most is made of the space, which is considerable in any case. In most parts the track is about the width of a country road here; the surface is not suitable for anything but slow paces, as, except for a little loose earth on the top, it is as hard as a road. The majority of ladies to be seen seemed to ride astride; in fact, this is much more general in America than with us, and a good many people there who were unacquainted with



A CORNER.

this side of the "pond" expressed surprise when told that it was the greatest exception to see a lady in the hunting-field here mounted otherwise than on a side-saddle. Horsemanship, in New York State at least, is not noticeably good. For some reason, the thin, spare American who used to be the type we pictured, seems to be passing away, and the prevailing one which is taking its place is a rather short, strong-looking man with thick legs; and of all types this is the one to whom it comes most difficult to look well on horse-back. On the polo-field this was most noticeable, and the contrast was often, in my hearing, made (by Americans) between the spare figures of the British team and those of any American side which took the field against them. It is impossible to make any comparison between Rotten Row and the riding-track of Central Park, as they are conceived from a totally different standpoint, that of Central Park being evidently designed to imitate as much as possible what one might find on a country road freed from the curse of motor traffic. One cannot but admire the art with which this sylvan feeling has been attained, practically in the midst of such a busy city as New York, and one is almost surprised when, here and there, one finds one's self almost in the shadow of high houses.



A MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

G. D. A.

BEE DISEASE.

A DAY or two ago the columns of a widely read contemporary contained an article, entitled "The Bee Mystery," which dealt with what the writer called a "mysterious complaint known as the Isle of Wight Disease." The article also stated that "the attempts of experts to find the cause (of this disease) have failed," and that "little or nothing is known about the Isle of Wight Disease." But the writer of the article has been curiously misinformed. There is no mystery about it. The cause of the disease has been known for several years, and has been worked out by many experts. In 1904 a well-diagnosed disease which had been ravaging the hives of Bavaria appeared at a village a little south of Newport, in the centre of the Isle of Wight. From this centre it spread until, in 1906, it had invaded almost the whole island. In 1907 it reached the coast, and the Board of Agriculture then took the matter up. In 1908 the whole island was suffering from the disease, but it had not yet crossed the Solent. The following year this epizootic appeared in Hampshire, Dorsetshire, Sussex and Surrey, and at the present time is practically all over the United Kingdom, infecting hives as far north as

Stornoway. As long ago as 1905 Dr. H. B. Fantham and Miss Annie Porter had noticed the existence of a minute unicellular animal parasite, known as *Nosema apis*, in sick bees from the Isle of Wight. Unfortunately, their observations were not published, but there is no doubt that the organism in question is the same as that which Professor Zander and Professor Döflein had found devastating the bee-hives of Southern Germany. Dr. Fantham and his colleague have described its life-history. The parasite forms thousands of extremely minute spores, which foul the hive, and they are probably conveyed to healthy hives by the hungry, sickly bees attempting to forage in neighbouring colonies. The spores are very resistant to both drought and heat. When they are eaten by a bee, the spore-case or shell is dissolved, and an organism emerges which bores its way into the cells lining the alimentary canal of the insect. Here it comes to rest, and, after a time, divides up to form myriads of new spores. The fact that these spores are capable of producing the disease has been confirmed by Dr. Fantham's and Miss Porter's experiments in successfully infecting healthy hive bees, mason-bees and wasps with the disease.

This parasitic unicellular organism is closely allied to *Nosema bombycis*, which in the middle of the last century almost ruined the silk industry of France. But *Nosema apis* is more local in its lesions, whereas the *Nosema* of the silkworms infects nearly every tissue of the body. As far as we know at present, the *Nosema* of the bee affects only the alimentary canal. One of the symptoms which follows its appearance is the enormous distension of the hinder end of the so-called "second stomach." The diseased bees develop an abnormal appetite for wax and pollen, and as is well known, bees can only rid themselves of undigested food while on the wing (an arrangement which conduces to the hygiene of the

hive), and, as the diseased bees are too weak to fly, the undigested food accumulates in the alimentary canal, and the abdomen becomes greatly swollen. The presence of the parasite in the walls of the digestive tube is further accompanied with a great increase in the number of bacteria in the intestine. Dr. Malden has described a bacillus known as *Bacillus pestiformis apis*, which occurs in sixty per cent. of the diseased bees, although it has not yet been proved that this bacillus does much harm.

The rapidity with which *Nosema bombycis* spread throughout the whole world makes one tremble for the future of the British bee. In the middle of last century "the silkworms of France had almost disappeared, and efforts had been made to improve the stock by importing eggs from Spain and Portugal, but the Peninsula was soon affected. Eggs were then fetched from Turkey, Greece and



AN OBJECT IN SEARCH OF SUBJECTS.

the adjacent islands. These countries, too, becoming infected the French cultivators sent further afield and brought eggs from Syria and the Caucasus. Even this resource failed them, and in 1864 every silk-producing country in the world was infected with the solitary exception of Japan. The loss to commerce was prodigious. In a normal year the value of the cocoons produced in Southern France is, roughly speaking, about four million pounds; in the years 1863 and 1864 it had fallen below one million pounds."

The genius of Pasteur enabled the French to grapple with their difficulty. One of the peculiarities of unicellular animal parasites is that, unlike unicellular vegetable (bacteria) parasites,

they can be transmitted from one generation to another through the egg. Generation after generation is born infected. Pasteur's method was as follows: As soon as the moth had laid her eggs he packed up the eggs and the moth in an envelope. During the winter the women and children of the silk-growing districts of France were occupied in microscopically examining the body of the mother. If she proved to have had *Nosema bombycis* inside her, her body and her eggs were burnt. But no such methods can be employed with the bee, and at present the only thing to do is to rigorously exterminate every diseased hive and to disinfect the skeps and everything about the apiary.

A. E. S.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE are not many books about agriculture which can honestly be called literary, and the few that are most literary are weakest in agriculture. It was, therefore, with delighted surprise that we read *Roman Farm Management: The Treatises of Cato and Varro done into English, with Notes of Modern Instances*, by A. Virginia Farmer (Macmillan). A pleasant little preface ought to prepare the reader for what he is to expect. In it the Editor tells us that he made the acquaintance of Cato and Varro standing at a bookstall at the Quai Voltaire, in Paris. We like to think of the Virginian farmer, whose acquaintance with books is made very manifest in the course of these pages, standing at a Parisian bookstall and letting his mind range far away from the Gay City, far away from his American associations, to a Sabine farm as it was a couple of centuries before the Christian Era, and in imagination beholding the vineyards and oliveyards of Roman Italy. Subsequently, finding that there was no very good English translation, he attempted this, and modestly "offers the little book to those that love the country."

Marcus Porcius Cato, known as the elder Cato, was a sort of Squire Western of old time, coarse and witty, but full to the brim with knowledge of agriculture and of the ways of his class. He was, however, unlike our Squire in many ways. He came from the rude forefathers of the hamlet, and began life on what we would now call a small holding. He turned his attention to law, and in that direction won great distinction. Afterwards he saw a great deal of military service in Spain and in Greece and at one time commanded an army. After this stirring life he went back to his farm with delight, and wrote his book *De re Rustica* in a green old age.

Varro, who lived from 116 B.C. to 28 B.C., called by Quintilian the most learned of the Romans, was born on a Sabine farm and reared in habits of simplicity and industry, although he came of good family. During the whole of his stirring life he found leisure for going on with his country pursuits, and his treatise, *Reorum Rusticarum*, was written in his eightieth year. His life was a distinguished one. He belonged to the aristocratic party, was a friend and supporter of Pompey, under whom he held a naval command in the war against the pirates in B.C. 67. He was on the losing side at Pharsalia, but was pardoned by Caesar, who selected him to be librarian of the public library he proposed to establish at Rome. On this statement our Virginian farmer makes the following dry note:

In a land where public libraries have been everywhere founded out of the accumulations of Big Business, it is interesting to note that Pollio derived the funds with which this the first of their kind was endowed, from the plunder of the Illyrians!

He wrote a very practical book on farming which has the further merit of having supplied Virgil with the facts which he turned into poetry in the *Georgics*.

The charm of our Virginian farmer's translation is that his notes help us to bring the Roman country life and modern country life into comparison and harmony. He reminds us that before the Christian era business men like *Alfius* made up their minds to withdraw from business and live the simple life in the country. "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*." Perhaps it was for such people that Cato drew up his instructions for buying a farm. They might be used to-day. The substance of them is: Do not buy rashly, see that the surroundings are suitable, choose a good climate not subject to destructive storms, and

If possible, your farm should be at the foot of a mountain, looking to the South, in a healthy situation, where labour and cattle can be had, well watered, near a good sized town, and either on the sea or a navigable river, or else on a good and much frequented road. Choose a place which has not often changed ownership, one which is sold unwillingly, that has buildings in good repair.

Beware that you do not rashly condemn the experience of others. It is better to buy from a man who has farmed successfully and built well.

Then he goes on to tell of wine presses and storage vats, implements and so on.

From Varro, Walter de Henley and the agriculturists of his period obviously derived much of the form of their books. His instructions about laying out a farm, planting it, building the house and so on, apply, of course, to Rome much more than to England. Cato believed greatly in the virtues of the cabbage. He called it the best of the vegetables, and he also pointed out that if you want to drink well and wisely you may do so with impunity by eating beforehand five raw cabbage leaves steeped in vinegar; then you can drink as much as you like. According to Horace, Cato was one who very much needed something of this kind, as he often took as much drink as was good for him. But perhaps the old Roman would have given that as the reason why he attained to such a vigorous old age. To do him justice, he advised that the owner of an estate should be as liberal to others in this respect as he was himself. "He should take care," says he, "that no one on the place is in want or lacks food or drink." Colonel John Taylor, as our editor reminds us, preached a similar doctrine in regard to slaves. He said if you established a liberal diet, it proved convenient afterwards for providing a system of effective rewards and punishments. Cato's description of the duties of the mistress or housekeeper was a Roman version of Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's description of the duties of a farmer's wife in sixteenth century England:

It is a wyues occupation to wynowe all maner of cornes, to make malte, to washe and wrynge, to make hey, shere come, and in tyme of nede to helpe her husbnde to fylle the mucke-wayne or dounge-carte, dryue the ploughe, to loode hey, come and suche other. And to go or ride to the market, to sel butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekyngs, capons, hennys, pygges, gese, and all maner of cornes.

From Varro's treatise we can only select a few points on which the editor has written one of his accomplished notes. For removing superfluous hair Varro advises that you take a yellow frog and stew it down to a third of its size and then rub the body with what is left. The note upon this is as follows:

In the *Geoponica* (XIII, 15) there has been preserved a remedy for a similar evil, which, in all fairness, should be credited to Saserna. In any event, it is what the newspapers used to call "important, if true," viz.: "If ever you come into a place where fleas abound, cry Ooh! Ooh! and they will not touch you."

Varro tells that when he was in the army he saw in Transalpine Gaul, near the Rhine, fields manured with a white chalk which they dug out of the ground. Whereupon our translator, after referring to Walter de Henley's discussion of the use of marl, goes on to say:

In connection with the history of the use of marl in agriculture may be cited the tender tribute which Arthur Young recorded on the tombstone of his wife in Bradfield Church. The lady's chief virtue appears to have been, in the memory of her husband, that she was "the great grand-daughter of John Allen, esq. of Lyng House in the County of Norfolk, the first person, according to the Comte de Boulainvilliers, who there used marl."

The chapter on fences sounds almost modern. Varro divides them into four kinds—natural, dead wood, military and masonry. If you added wire to-day the tale would be complete. The military fence, which consisted of a ditch and a mound, brings out a note, from which we quote the following:

What Varro describes as the military fence of ditch and bank was doubtless the typical Herefordshire fence of modern England which Arthur Young, in *The Farmers' Letters*, recommends so highly as at once most effective and most economical. The bank is topped with a plashed hedge of white thorn in which willow, ash, hazel and beech are planted for "firing."

In the equipment of a farm slaves are referred to as "things," not persons. When Varro advises that "particularly pains must be taken to see that they have some property of their own, and that they marry wives among their fellow servants, who may bear them children, some thing which will make them more steady and attach them to the place," our author quotes a passage, too long for quotation, from a French author, and then makes the following dry remark:

One might assume that this eloquent and comfortable essay on contentment in slavery had been written to illustrate Varro's text at this point, but,

as a matter of fact, it is Buffon's observation (VIII, 46c) on the domestication of wild ducks!

Here is a note which may be quoted without the context:

It is interesting to note from the statements in the text that in Varro's time the Roman farmer in Italy both sowed and reaped substantially the same amount of wheat as does the American farmer to-day. Varro says that the Romans sowed five modii of wheat to the jugerum and reaped on the maximum fifteen for one. As the modius was nearly the equivalent of our peck, the Roman allowance for sowing corresponds to the present American practice of sowing seven pecks of wheat to the acre: and on this basis a yield of 26 bushels to the acre, which is not uncommon in the United States, is the equivalent of the Roman harvest of fifteen for one.

We must stop here, but there are a thousand other things that we would have liked to have quoted from this learned and most entertaining translation.

PERENNIAL FLOWERS.

The Herbaceous Garden, by Alice Martineau, with an Introduction by W. Robinson. (Williams and Norgate.)

IN his introduction to Mrs. Martineau's work Mr. William Robinson draws a very effective contrast between gardens when he began to disturb people's minds about them and now. He says: "The borders were poor and full of plants of little value, like the poorest of poor starworts, and plants of no character; but now the rich uplands of China, the beautiful plants of the American Pacific Coast and of Siberia and Southern Russia are coming to enrich our shores. In the old days when people were wild about bedding-out and its charms, we had many of the best old things, from the Pasque-flower to the white lily, thrown away to make the garden blaze with red geranium, blue lobelia, and yellow calceolaria." In these few words he sets out the very spirit in which Mrs. Martineau's book is written. We are told that Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, who has a very pretty garden in Wales, will not have in it any perennials which she has not raised herself from seed, and there is much to commend in that point of view. In new gardens, at any rate, it would seem almost compulsory that recourse be had to seeds in order to secure plenty of flowers. No doubt there are many, and these the most delightful, which require the care of two or even three years to bring them into bloom; but that process can very well be carried on simultaneously with the cultivation of those that will yield an immediate return for the care bestowed. Those who are making herbaceous borders, and especially those who wish to combine economy with skill, will find that Mrs. Martineau's book is an almost inexhaustible mine of information. As far as

we can see, there is nothing neglected which the maker of a herbaceous garden would like to know.

MENAGERIES.

The Amateur Menagerie Club Year Book, 1913.

IN the newly issued year-book, 1913, of the Amateur Menagerie Club Professor Cossar Ewart has an interesting note on Prejvalsky's Horse. He gives a photograph of a mare which, he says, probably includes only wild individuals among her ancestors. She is characterised by a long, narrow face, an upright mane, a somewhat mule-like, but well set-on, tail, fine limbs and narrow hoofs. Last June this mare and one out of her by a pony stallion were mated with a hybrid Prejvalsky colt, "so perhaps," says Professor Ewart, "in the year-book for 1914 it may be possible to give figures of the crosses which are expected in the present summer." The other articles in the book are full of information, which we should like to quote. Mr. W. J. Henning sends some Notes on Monkeys; Mr. H. E. Dennis writes on the White-tailed Gnu, and in a portrait shows some of those, aged fourteen months, in his possession; Mrs. Cogan tells about "Squeaks," her spotted hyena; Miss Chawner writes of Owls in Captivity; Miss Frances Pitt of her Pet Badgers; and there are many other articles of the same description. The number must be very welcome to those who own menageries.

THE PRESERVATION OF WILD FLOWERS.

Wild Flower Preservation: A Collector's Guide, by May Coley. (Fisher Unwin.)

COLLECTING wild flowers is an extremely interesting amusement, and as long as it is confined to blossoms is an entirely innocuous one. The vast majority of plants flower all the more freely if their early blossoms are plucked. Miss Coley has written a complete guide to the art of preserving these blooms. She gives very practical directions as to outfit, and even how to secure second-hand books; how to make a press and a cabinet. She insists upon the advisability of keeping a Nature notebook, which ought to be a good substantial one, so that it may give space for a full description as well as the hurried note which may be all that is required to give a reference to the flower and the locality in which it was found. In gathering the plants she inculcates neatness and consideration. "A pair of scissors should be used for cutting all thick and obstinate stems, for tearing at a plant not only spoils the part that is picked and chafes the hand, but it injures the surrounding growth and loosens the roots. Many plants are so lightly fastened in the earth that the slightest pull uproots them." She also warns her readers against greedy and destructive gathering, so largely responsible, she says, for the shutting up of many woods that otherwise might have been open to the public.

THE OUTLOOK ON THE GROUSE MOORS

AT no time of the year are the secrets of the moor more secret, at no time of the year are they more closely veiled than in the month of July. At no time of the year does the gamekeeper more bitterly resent a minute inspection of his moor. Not until a few days before the fatal Twelfth will any estimate of real value of the number of birds be possible. Hence prediction as to the coming grouse season is necessarily a highly speculative venture. Still, to the sportsman and to the moor-owner the matter is of considerable importance, and attempts are always made about the middle of July to estimate the future yield of birds. The difficulty attached to this estimate is not only that of ignorance of what is really going on, but one of varying geographical conditions and of correlating the inconsistent estimates formed on scanty data by people who range from extreme optimists to profound pessimists.

Last year was perhaps a record year in the annals of grouse-shooting. This year I have been informed on several hands that it will be also a record year, but in an invert sense.

But here I should like to interpolate some statements made by moor-owners in different parts of Scotland. One owner reports from Caithness that the disease has been considerable on one moor, slight on four others. He had left a good breeding stock last autumn, and, in spite of the wetness, had burnt as much heather as was possible, probably a sixteenth to a twentieth of the ground. In his opinion the outbreak, such as it was, was due to the dry weather last summer followed by a very cold and very wet spring this year, and the consequent effect upon the heather. In Banffshire, again, where a good breeding stock had been left, the disease was suspected on the higher parts of the ground; but another correspondent from the same county writes, "No disease has been reported to me up till now." In Inverness-shire one owner states that his moor, which is usually a well burnt one, was not burnt last year as much as might be wished, owing to the wet, but there is no disease. A second owner says that only twelve cocks and twenty-six hens were picked up on an area of eleven thousand acres during the spring. "The nests were very light and not well filled, but the hatching was good." He, again, is an ardent supporter of keeping the heather young and healthy. "Burn, burn, burn!" he writes; "no heather

should be more than eight or ten inches high." From the same county a third correspondent reports "No disease," but adds that there are four things you can do to improve your moor: "(a) Burn the heather well; (b) clean out all wells three times a year; (c) kill vermin; (d) when you have a lot of birds, shoot hard, but in a bad season shoot lightly." One could go on multiplying from Inverness-shire a series of reports, all more or less to the same purpose. Roughly speaking, more birds than usual were left last autumn; disease has not here been very marked, except where there has been an absence of good food on the moor owing to the cold spring; in some cases a considerable emigration of birds coming from other parts of the country has been noted.

Nearly all correspondents dwell upon the vital importance of burning the moor and on the effect of the cold spring which has retarded the growth of the heather. In Perthshire two owners report no disease. The same is true of Ross-shire, where the burning of the heather was above the average. In Renfrewshire, Sir Hugh Shaw Stewart reports that no disease has been detected in his birds, and he expects to kill an average number; but, like some other owners, he attaches importance primarily to careful burning, and secondly, to attending to the surface drains. Both these measures help to keep the heather healthy and make for a good shooting season. Perthshire, Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire are, like the curate's egg, "bad in parts," and the same seems wholly so in Berwickshire and Roxburghshire. A competent observer, writing from the eastern edge of Perthshire, states that the grouse prospects are worse than they have been for thirty years. "Many floods have washed away the young broods, and those who have rented moors will find they have paid dearly for their sport." The coveys, even in the better parts of this county, are small. On one moor in Ross-shire no disease is reported, nor has there been any for the last fourteen years. There, old rank heather, which is always associated with disease, is regularly burnt. Another correspondent from Ross-shire writes "No disease. Small stock of grouse left last year. A good deal of burning on low ground." In Sutherland another moor-owner records that, although disease had been detected in former years, it has always been slight, and this year none is reported. The same gentleman, writing of his estate in the Islands of Lewis, says that "disease is unknown in the Lewis."

Mr. Harvie-Brown has already written in your columns a fairly hopeful report of the state of things on his moor near the centre of Stirlingshire, but this is a district which has usually been immune. It is, to a certain extent, isolated, and, above all, it is not overstocked.

But there is, of course, the other side to the picture. In Ayrshire some of the moors have suffered from a virulent attack of disease. From Central Argyllshire the report says: "It is feared the disease is bad, few birds to be seen." This sentence is coupled with the statement that far too many birds were left from last season, and that the burning has been patchy. The reports from Sutherlandshire are conflicting, but nearly everywhere many young birds have been drowned. In Morayshire the heather is reported to be at present very good, and to have recovered from the severe climatic vicissitudes to which it was subject last winter and spring. "Nothing more," as the writer says, "can be said until the dogs are run through the moor in some week or ten days' time."

From the rather scanty records we have transcribed, it seems that two or three points emerge. One is that although the moors in the Lowlands—and this applies to the North of England also—are obviously badly hit by disease, in some of the central parts of Scotland and in the North there is little cause of complaint. The season will not be invariably bad, and even in some counties where disease is rife there will be certain moors with enough birds to afford very adequate sport. But in Peeblesshire, Berwickshire, Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire and throughout the Lowlands generally the loss has been considerable, and the same may safely be said of Northumberland and parts of Yorkshire.

In Appendix No. 2 to the Report of the Grouse Disease Enquiry, a series of maps illustrating the incidence of grouse disease from the year 1872 to the year 1909 are published. These maps were prepared by the Antarctic hero, Dr. Wilson, and after his departure on the "Terra Nova" were got ready for press by the secretary to the Enquiry, Mr. A. S. Leslie. Generalising on what must be very insufficient data, one may state that the map for the year 1887 more closely represents the existing condition of things than any of the remaining thirty-seven maps.

It has now become evident that the Report of the Grouse Disease Enquiry very accurately correlated the incidence and the

extent of the disease with the surrounding physical conditions—temperature, humidity and so on. So accurately was this correlation effected that one of the most skilled members of the Enquiry ventured to predict what would happen this summer on several moors in Scotland, and his predictions have turned out in every case to be true. A good many recent writers have deplored the fact that the Enquiry did not continue its labours for a further series of years. It is indeed greatly to be regretted; but had the Enquiry received anything like adequate financial support, there is no reason whatever why it should not have been sitting at the present moment.

A. E. S.

A PRINCELY GIFT TO THE NATION.

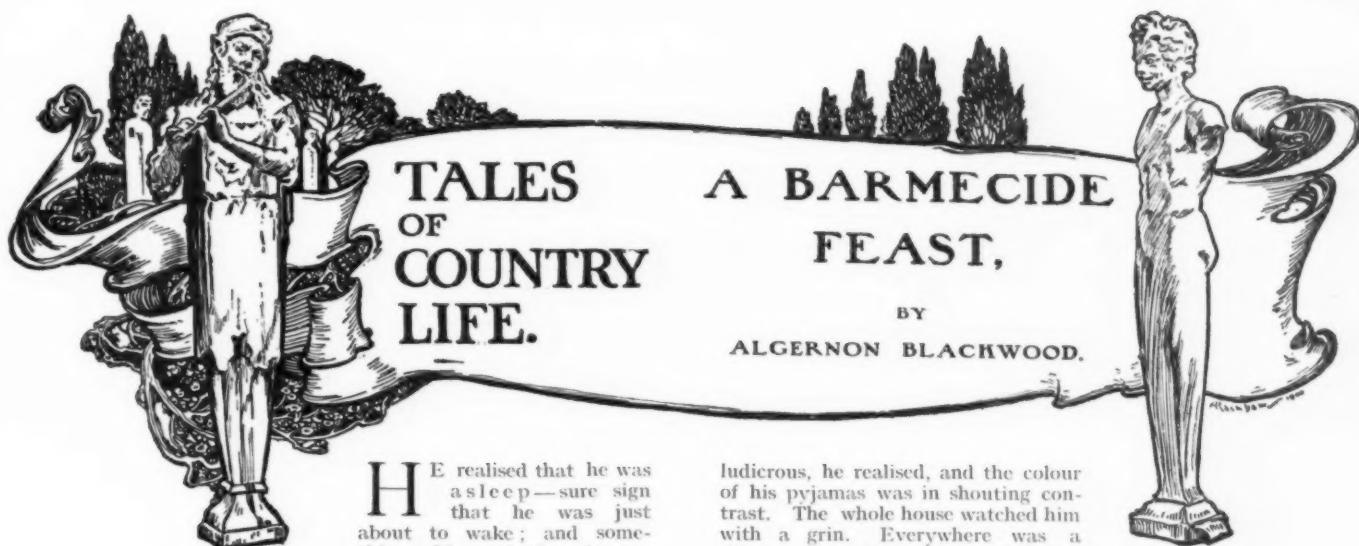
AFTER the shock of hearing a few weeks ago that efforts were being made to sell parts of Box Hill for building purposes, and the confirmation of this rumour by the chief proprietor, it was a relief to learn from Sir Robert Hunter that the pleasantest way imaginable had been found out of the difficulty. On Thursday, July 10th, Sir Robert was able to tell a meeting of the National Trust that a gentleman whose name he was not at liberty to mention had come forward in the most generous manner and offered to buy the hill, or, at any rate, the most important part of it, with the view of making it over to the Trust, or at least to some public body, in order that it might become a freehold of the people for ever. Of all solutions to the difficulty this is the best and most acceptable. Sir Robert Hunter was prepared to organise an appeal to the public for funds, and, no doubt, by dint of much worry and perseverance the money could have been got together this way. But generous though the British public is, we have to remember that recently its capacity for giving has been very severely taxed. Not a week passes without some worthy project is brought forward to beguile hard-earned guineas out of the pocket of the worthy citizen. Rights of way are claimed here, there and everywhere on Box Hill, and, if we may judge from past experience, they would have been insisted on. The modest and generous donor has given more than can be measured in the terms of pounds, shillings and pence.



Miss A. B. Warburg.

THE PATH FROM BURFORD BRIDGE.

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HE realised that he was asleep—sure sign that he was just about to wake; and something whispered that it was very early, and that it would

be far better if he could prevent waking. For a long time he made a half-hearted effort, craving a continuation of the delicious state of unconsciousness. But it lay beyond his powers. He moved; he turned over in bed, yet still keeping his eyes tightly shut. "I'm waking," he whispered to himself. "What a bore!" The springs in his eyelids were released. The room, he saw, was tinged with that thin, clear light which means very early morning, and he gave up the struggle. "Hang this early waking! I shall be tired all day now!" And he noticed with disgust the candle and pillow-book, left hours ago in the comforting darkness. He lay back, staring angrily at the white ceiling. But nothing banishes sleep so effectively as anger. Jones, disgruntled and annoyed, sat up in bed at two o'clock in the morning, in the little Sussex cottage where he was spending the week-end with a married cousin of slight acquaintance, and remembered next that even in his sleep there was something that had bothered him. His dreams, now forgotten, had been anxious, troubled, searching. What was it? His mind sent scurrying messengers. Memory became active. He was painfully wide awake now. Ah! He had found it. The night before—it seemed so long ago, so far away—a plan had been arranged: a bicycling trip across the Downs, himself as leader; the children had been sent early to bed on purpose, and he had fallen asleep, thinking hard about the route, yet uncertain of it. He dared not fail, for the children thought him marvellous. And the search had been continued in his dreams, endlessly, in vain. He had failed utterly; the children would never believe in him again. There was still a sinking sensation at his heart, a kind of gnawing that craved for satisfaction. . . . And then, suddenly, he realised the truth: that he was hungry! Accustomed to late dinners in London, the light country supper in the cottage at seven o'clock had damaged interior routine, and his interior had wakened him at 2 a.m. to inform him of the fact. Jones felt very empty indeed.

The next minute he stood in the middle of the room, his mind holding but a single thought—Larder. His interior and the cottage larder were two points in space, and he sought the straight line between them. Behind this flickered lighter pictures, which explained themselves without effort on his part, as he remembered the wife's apology that the butcher in this isolated region often failed them, that F.H.B. (family hold back) had been mentioned at the table, and that his two helpings of bread-and-butter pudding, so stuffing at the moment, could not possibly be expected to satisfy for long. But it was the geographical situation of the larder, what he might find there, and how awkward it would be if he were discovered on the prowl—it was this that occupied his thought as, in slippers and pyjamas, he cautiously opened his door and peered forth into the silent emptiness of the outside world. His one terror was that he might see, or be seen by, his cousin's wife—his hostess. Why, exactly, he could not explain quite; but it would reflect on her housekeeping, for one thing; she would be so full of apologies, for another; and, for a third, she would load him with more than he wanted. She might even watch him eat, or catch him disappearing into his room with a plateful of assorted nourishment stolen from her larder. He felt guilty and ashamed the moment he opened his bedroom door and stole softly on tiptoe down the narrow corridor, that creaked beneath his tread as though each separate board was loose. He felt so light and empty that this surprised him; his weight, though small, seemed centred in his feet. The thick matting on the stairs was a great relief, and he crept safely past his hostess' door, astonished at the extraordinary silence everywhere. Husband and wife, both of heavy build, were born snorers, he would have said, yet no faintest sound was audible, and he pictured them now, sitting up in bed, disturbed by the creaking that he made—and listening. Distributing his weight carefully with one hand on the banisters and another on the wall, he next got past the maid's room, and the room where the children slept with the diminutive watch-dog, and successfully reached the ground floor, where the bricks of the hall struck chill through his thin Egyptian slippers. Those pointed yellow slippers, from a Cairo bazaar, looked painfully

ludicrous, he realised, and the colour of his pyjamas was in shouting contrast. The whole house watched him with a grin. Everywhere was a silence of tombs and catacombs. Only a rustling of early wind against

the black front door was audible. The dining-room and drawing-room stared suspiciously at his back; but already a certain carelessness was in him, for no one slept on this floor, and he could move with greater freedom. Would the larder door be locked? What would he find there? Should he take the food upstairs with him or—horrors! Was that whispering? The long, dark passage gaped before him, and at the further end, behind a door it seemed, came a faint sound of voices, subdued and cautious. There was a stealthy step. A latch rattled. He shrank against the wall, standing stock still. In the semi-gloom he might have been hidden but for those glaring yellow slippers, a size too large for him, and for the striped pyjamas, looking like a convict's dress. He waited, breathing only through his nose—trying, indeed, not to breathe at all.

Yes; the steps and voices were unmistakable. No thought of ghosts or burglars had yet entered his mind, and a voice, if any, should have come from overhead: "Who's there?" or "I'll fire unless you come out and show yourself"; but whispers and steps so close to him were an unexpected shock. For a moment he hardly knew what was best to do. He forgot his hunger altogether, and braced himself for action. It was quite plain that strangers had broken into the cottage, attracted by its extreme loneliness, and were at this very moment in larder or kitchen at the end of the passage, arranging their booty, perhaps just making ready to depart. And he remembered then that he had smelt flowers and grass and earth as he came down the staircase—sign that a door or window had been opened below—and that the air in the hall was uncommonly fresh and sweet. "There are two of them," Jones reflected, in this awkward moment of greatness which had been thrust upon him, "and I have no weapon, not even a poker!"

A door halfway down the passage opened softly, so close that the gush of warmer air reached his nostrils, and he knew it was the kitchen; while a voice, whispering to his companion, was just audible: "There's no one. It's all right. We might go upstairs now if you're—" The stealthy closing of the door smothered the rest of the sentence, but not before he had caught another sentence spoken simultaneously by the companion. Jones heard both. And the other was a man's voice, gruff and short and cautious: "What did you do with the knife? You had it last . . ." And, hearing it, Jones, in his unsheltering pyjamas, felt so helpless that his modicum of courage failed him. Hungry, cold and weaponless, taken utterly by surprise, he felt in no condition to meet two desperate tramps at close quarters, one of them with a knife. He hurriedly, wildly, reviewed a dozen possibilities. It was a moment for clear, quick thinking and decisive action. Shouting was useless; there were no passers-by or policemen in the lonely country lane outside. Had there been a single burglar only he might have faced him, rousing the household at the same time by cries for help. But against two he could do nothing. And cold steel always filled him with peculiar terror. His mind flashed the only possible course—to dart upstairs and waken his cousin. His cousin was sure to have a pistol in his bedroom. And Jones was in the very act of turning to put his plan in execution when the door of the kitchen opened wide again. He had been too slow, too long reflecting. He was fairly caught. Two figures, he saw, were already in the passage. They moved quickly and on tip-toe. They were within three feet of him. He knew a sharp moment of hysterical terror first before his courage—at heart he was no coward—came to help him.

"Arthur!" he yelled, at the top of his voice. "Arthur! There are burglars in the house. Quick! With the pistol—!" and flung himself at the same moment with violence against the still advancing figures. And to protect his body from the point of entering steel, he caught at the first thing handy he could find—the thick door-mat on which he stood. Holding it before him like a shield, still shouting for help as he charged, Jones hurled himself with reckless onslaught against—his hostess and her husband.

All three collapsed against the wall with a crash, then sprawled through the open door into the kitchen. The disentanglement was at first in silence, for the shock of bewildered astonishment was too great for speech. The breathless chorus of explanation, apology, unanswered questions and questionable answers came next, pell-mell.

"I thought—I was sure—I heard a noise," prevaricated Jones, "and came down to see." The elucidation, all three, clothed not for daylight, standing upon the kitchen floor, lasted some time, for Jones stuck to his story so manfully that the burden of explanation was transferred to his host and hostess. It was resourceful, but not strictly honest, on his part. For the life of him, however, he could not find it in his heart to admit the truth.

Only a portion of the truth he told. "Of course, I thought you were burglars," he repeated. "I heard steps and voices, and something about a knife when you opened the door first to go upstairs——"

He looked his cousin straight in the eye, as a brave man should. It was left to his hostess to confess her soul, and her husband's, too. They looked so sheepish, standing there in the morning light without an adequate reason for being out of their bedroom together at such an hour. Jones had managed the situation admirably—for himself—in one way.

"The fact is, Mr. Jones," she said, then paused a moment; "we both woke up——"

"Yes," he helped her. She said it so awkwardly, almost guiltily, that he wondered what was coming.

"Feeling hungry," she concluded, with a little, shame-faced laugh, "dreadfully hungry——"

"And stole down to get something to eat," put in her husband, boldly filling in the pause.

"I'm frightfully sorry—so ashamed—we disturbed your sleep like this," she added, and then went softly upstairs again to see if the children had slept safely through the noise of battle.

Jones waited a little longer while his cousin, laughing over the adventure, put away the delicious eatables. But, somehow or other, he had not the courage to ask a single crumb. There was loaf and butter on the kitchen table, cake as well, but he did not touch them.

He put away the saw-toothed bread knife in the drawer his cousin opened, then followed him upstairs to bed again. But not to sleep. He ate nothing till nine o'clock, when he came down to breakfast, weary and unrefreshed, obliged to tell his story all over again with convincing detail for the children's benefit, joining in the laugh against himself, while he devoured the biggest breakfast of his life.

THE HERRING-GULL & ITS HAUNTS.



Miss E. Shiffner.

A VANTAGE POINT.

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THE herring-gull and the lesser black-backed gull are, when seen at a distance, so similar in size and coloration that it is probable that many people who merely take a cursory interest in birds fail to satisfactorily distinguish between the two, although hundreds of both species are constantly passing before their eyes on the occasion of any visit to our sea-shores or large estuaries. Possibly some who read these lines may not have got so far as to appreciate even the fact that these larger-sized gulls which they so constantly see do actually represent two different species, with somewhat different habits, different numerical proportions and different breeding haunts. For these readers, then, it may be shortly stated that the herring-gull in mature summer plumage (of spotless white and grey) differs from the lesser black-backed gull in similar summer plumage in the following particulars, which for the purpose of easy comparison we tabulate.

(1) *Back and wing-coverts.*—Herring-gull: Uniform pale pearl grey. Lesser black-backed gull: Darker—clear slaty-grey.

(2) *Legs and feet.*—Herring-gull: (a) Flesh-coloured; (b) relatively shorter and coarser. Lesser black-backed gull: (a) Yellow; (b) longer and more slender.

(3) *Rim round eyelids.*—Herring-gull: Yellow. Lesser black-backed gull: Vermilion.

(4) *Outer primary wing-feather.*—Herring-gull: White tip much larger and crossed by a narrow bar of black. Lesser black-backed gull: White tip extremely small and separated by a narrow bar of black from a large sub-terminal white spot or "mirror."

(5) *Second primary.*—Herring-gull: Tipped with white and presenting a white spot or "mirror" some distance from tip. Lesser black-backed gull: No "mirror" (except in a few old birds), and only a very small white tip.

(6) *Bill.*—Herring-gull: Coarser and heavier. Lesser black-backed gull: Finer.

Both species in summer plumage have the head, neck, under-parts, rump and tail pure white, and in both the bill is yellow, with a red spot at the angle. In winter the head and neck are streaked

with grey or dusky brown. The sexes are similar, except that the female in both species is somewhat smaller and the bill is cast in a finer mould. The adult herring-gull is a larger bird than the lesser black-back of the same sex. the wings (measured from bend to tip) averaging in the male about 17.5in. as compared with 16.25in. in the lesser black-back. In addition to these adult birds, the casual observer will not fail to have noticed many others of nearly the same size, but in which the coloration is of a rich umber or clear ashy-brown, mottled with white or greyish-white. These dark-coloured birds are immature examples of varying ages, either birds of the year, two year olds, or three year olds. Even when closely examined it is difficult to distinguish between the two species when in these stages of plumage, unless one has representatives of both races to compare, and the reader desirous of further information must refer to books which profess to give it. Shortly put, however, the immature herring-gull is of a lighter and paler brown than is the case with the lesser black-back, and the primary wing-feathers are *much paler* as compared with the latter bird, in which they are of a very dark and uniform brown colour.

In point of distribution the herring-gull is more uniformly and generally scattered along the whole length of our shore-lines and its outlying islands than the lesser black-back. Lately this latter bird has in a single instance (mentioned in a report made by a committee of the British Ornithologists' Club on summer migrants for the spring of 1908) been found nesting in Kent. Mr. J. E. Kelsall also states (British Birds, Vol. IV., page 182) that he has it on good authority that quite fifty pairs of lesser black-backed gulls bred on the cliffs at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight in 1910. With

these exceptions, and one or two instances in Hampshire, the herring-gull practically has the whole of the Southern shores of England, east of Devon, to itself, and it is peculiar in nesting on the white chalk-cliffs which line this coast.



J. Atkinson.

HERRING-GULL ON NEST.



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CHICKS AND EGGS OF HERRING-GULL.

In Ireland it is again more common than the lesser black-back, and on the Continent it is found breeding much further south (coast of Portugal) than the lesser black-back, whose breeding limits do not extend much further than the western or north-western parts of France.

Both species nest in the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Faroes and the Hebrides, and in all these places the fisherman and the observer is familiar with the appearance and procedure of this beautiful and most persistent hunter of fish. But when we get outside the limits of our isles the herring-gull has the more extensive breeding-area.

When, however, we proceed South as far as the Mediterranean, we find the place of our herring-gull (*L. argentatus*) taken by a yellow-legged sub-species (*L. argentatus cachinnans*), whereas in winter the Western race of the lesser black-back (*L. fuscus affinis*) extends as far as both shores of this sea.

(For further particulars on the distribution and migration of the races of the lesser black-backed gull the reader is referred to an article by the author in "British Birds.")



R. Fortune.

IMMATURE HERRING-GULL.

Copyright.

Vol. VI., pp. 2-7, pl. I (1912); and pp. 360-4 (1913). As regards actual nesting-sites and other points in the life-history of the herring-gull, the reader is referred to the

article on the lesser black-backed gull, where the habits of the two species are, for the sake of comparison, considered together.
PERCY R. LOWE.

NEW & RARE TREES & SHRUBS.—IV.



E. J. Wallis. CARAGANA AURANTIACA.

A graceful and very hardy shrub from Central Asia, with orange-yellow flowers. Thrives in full sun in a loamy soil.



DEUTZIA SIEBOLDIANA.

Copyright.

Known for the last twenty years in gardens as *D. scabra* vera. A very pretty and elegant white-flowered shrub, flowering in June. Of easy cultivation and increase.

CLEMATIS MONTANA RUBENS.—No shrub introduced by Wilson from China has obtained a more extended notice in gardens than this. Introduced as lately as 1901, it is already, as it deserves to be, one of the most popular of climbers. The old typical form of *Clematis montana* from the Himalaya, which Lady Amherst brought home in 1831, is not a success in every garden, although where it does succeed no plant of its kind is more beautiful. But so far as I have seen this new variety *rubens* fails nowhere, given reasonable treatment. Its beautiful rosy flowers and handsomely cut purple foliage make it very distinct from the Indian type. It is also hardier. It likes a rich, moist loam, and may be trained on a pergola, on rough branches of oak, tree stumps and such like, where it can form a thick tangle. Our illustration of a small spray shows how freely it blossoms. It is quite easily increased by cuttings put in gentle heat at this season.

Caragana aurantiaca.—The only kind of *Caragana* that has been at all common in gardens up to the present is the well known *C. arborescens*, introduced from Siberia in 1752. That species attains in time the dimensions and character of a small tree. *C. aurantiaca*, however, is quite a moderate sized shrub, and does not seem likely to grow more than four or five feet in height. It is exceedingly graceful, its long, slender branchlets, horizontal or pendulous, bearing the flowers from the underside, where, in May and early June, they are thickly strung in a long row, three or four to the inch. They are of the ordinary pea-flower shape, three-quarters of an inch long and orange yellow. This is, I think, the prettiest of all the *Caraganas*. It is absolutely hardy, thrives in ordinary garden soil, and cuttings strike root fairly readily at the present season. It was introduced about twenty years ago from Central Asia, its nearest ally being the yellow-flowered *C. pygmaea*.

Deutzia Sieboldiana.—To some readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* this shrub will be known as *Deutzia scabra*. But, although the applicability of the name to it is often insisted on by the addition of the word "vera," *D. scabra* is really the proper

name, not of this, but of the common garden *Deutzia*. The plant, of which a flowering spray is now illustrated, is a native of Japan, and has not long been in cultivation. It is very pretty and graceful in form, blossoms freely, and is quite hardy, thriving well in good, moist, loamy soil. The flowers are pure white, about half an inch in diameter, and open during June in clusters two or three inches wide. Young plants are easily obtained from cuttings put in gentle heat at this season.

Sophora violifolia.—In 1897 this deciduous shrub was introduced from Western China to Kew; since then French missionaries, many of whom have proved ardent plant collectors, and Wilson have sent home seeds, so that the species is now well distributed about the country, although scarcely common. That, however, it can scarcely fail to become in time, for it combines a charming display of flower with a singular grace of foliage, besides being perfectly hardy. The illustration gives an idea of the pinnate leaves, which are one and a half to two inches long, and of the bluish white, pea-shaped flowers, but does not, of course, suggest the delightful touch of colour that is given by the blue calyx. Professor Henry, the well known botanist and Chinese traveller, tells me that in certain parts of Western China this shrub covers mountain-sides or mountain-tops to the exclusion of almost any other woody vegetation, just as Gorse does on commons at home.

Carpinus japonica.—This Japanese Hornbeam is not apparently so large a tree as our native British one, being described as from forty to fifty feet high. It is distinct-looking because of

the numerous—sometimes twenty-four pairs—parallel veins deeply impressed on the upper side of the leaf. As may be seen from the illustration, which shows two of the pendent fruit clusters, the bracts enclosing the nutlets are also very different from the deeply three-lobed ones of the common Hornbeam, being ovate in general outline, deeply jagged, with the lower portion doubled over the nutlet on one side. The tree was introduced about eighteen years ago, and has proved to be perfectly hardy. It is worth planting as an interesting and handsome member of a striking group of trees.



E. J. Wallis.

MAGNOLIA WATSONI.

Copyright.

One of the finest of all *Magnolias* in the beauty of the individual flower; white with round cluster of crimson stamens. Likes a warm, loamy or peaty soil.

Magnolia Watsoni.—This fine Magnolia was first seen in Europe at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, when it was shown in the Japanese Court. It has never become common in gardens, and has not hitherto succeeded so well with us as most Magnolias do. All the plants in cultivation have, I believe, been imported direct from Japan, and they are generally, if not invariably, grafted on *M. hypoleuca*, which, being naturally a large tree of timber-producing size, is probably unsuited as a stock for *M. Watsoni*. At any rate, there has been a high rate of mortality among the plants imported, although in some places, especially in the south-west, fine plants are now established. It would be well to try it on its own roots. It is not, as is often stated, a true native of Japan, although long cultivated there; its original home is probably Corea. It is naturally a small tree, twenty to thirty feet high, with fine broad, aromatic leaves up to six or eight inches long. The flowers appear successively in June and July at the end of leafy shoots, and are five to six inches across. The outer petals are rose tinted, the inner ones ivory white, but the greatest distinction is given to the flower by the circular mass of rich crimson stamens in the centre, well shown in our picture. W. J. BEAN.



E. J. Wallis.

CARPINUS JAPONICA.

Copyright.

A new Hornbeam from Japan; not so large a tree as the British one, but of graceful habit, and distinct in the many-ribbed leaves. Very hardy, and with no special needs.

the beauty of the wild plant without any so-called "improvement," although the kind of Thrift most commonly seen in gardens is of a low-toned pink that is pleasant enough. But there is a garden variety in which the colour has been deepened to a kind of dull, heavy magenta that is insufferably displeasing, and that destroys all the charm of this useful little plant, so good for edgings, whether straight or informal, and, for all its familiarity, always one of the best plants in the rock garden. G. JEKYL.

A BEAUTIFUL BELL-FLOWER.

ONE of the most charming plants that finds a home in our herbaceous borders is the Peach-leaved Bell-flower, or *Campanula persicifolia*, as the botanists would have us know it. There are in existence several good varieties of this plant, and one that has given the writer considerable pleasure this year is known as *Humosa*. This has stout, erect stems, some two and a half feet in height, the upper portion of each being freely, yet not too freely, clothed with large, deep china-blue flowers, each measuring nearly two inches in diameter. These

have a double corolla, a trait which, in some flowers, is undoubtedly undesirable. In this instance, however, one is so neatly fitted into the other that the duplication is scarcely noticeable, and the general effect is to give more substance to the blossoms and so intensify the colour. This variety is as easy to grow as the type, the plant making a spreading tuft of perennial green leaves. I have it growing in a border that is shaded from noon onwards. Its flowers are excellent for cutting.

A USEFUL TUFTED LAVENDER.

Those who grow the ordinary Lavender by the margins of stone pathways, or the more prominent portions of the rock garden, too often find that it grows too high, and in a year or two gets quite out of proportion to its surroundings. At the Holland House Show, held recently, I noticed a tufted variety named *Lavandula Spica prostrata* that appeared to be well adapted for such positions, the plants forming a dense tuft of spreading, low-growing stems and foliage, scarcely more than a foot in height. Except that the flower spikes had shorter stalks, they were in appearance identical with the best forms of our common Lavender, and their fragrance seemed to be equally good. Plants of this tufted Lavender, judiciously grouped beside a broad stone pathway so that the growths could overlap the stones at places, with some dwarf pink China Roses immediately behind them, would form a broad margin of fragrance and quiet beauty not easily obtainable by the use of any other plants. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—I am very anxious to know whether *Clematis montana* or *C. Jackmanii* alba is the stronger plant of the two; also, if the *C. montana* requires the same hard cutting-back as the other. It is for a place in Scotland where the thermometer goes sometimes to zero and lower, but the air is very pure.—ZEPHYR.

[*Clematis montana* is a much stronger-growing plant than *C. Jackmanii* alba, and would be the best for the position mentioned by our correspondent. It would, however, be disastrous to prune it hard, as is customary for varieties of *C. Jackmanii*. The only pruning needed by *C. montana* is the cutting out of weak, useless wood when there is danger of overcrowding, and this is best done as soon as the flowers have faded. The blossoms of this *Clematis* and its varieties are produced mainly on wood that was formed the previous year, while those of *C. Jackmanii* come on young shoots of the current year's growth.—ED.]

IN THE GARDEN.

A NATURAL COLOUR STUDY.

THOSE who study colour for garden use often find admirable examples in wild places. Such a one was just now displayed in a place where a narrow strip of salt marsh comes next to the sea. It was more or less covered with Thrift, and, as seen from an adjoining meadow a few feet higher, showed a perfect picture of tender beauty of colouring. It was at half-tide, or rather less, and beyond lay level lines of pale grey, muddy shore, while between the two some short seaweedy growth told as a pale bluish green, like the colour known as malachite green, lightened with white. It all lay in long, level drifts in a perfectly eye-satisfying colour-harmony, helped in the foreground by near groups of a grey-leaved tufted *Atriflex*. The colour of the Thrift was in itself especially beautiful, with a kind of liveliness, though extremely tender. Going down on to the marsh to see how Nature painted this miracle of colouring, it was found to be done by broken colours and infinite gradations of tint. Among the hundreds of thousands of plants of Thrift no two seemed to be exactly alike, although all were paler than the ordinary garden plant. Nothing could be better instruction in planting where space can be given to the doing of one thing at a time thoroughly well. It was also noteworthy to observe



E. J. Wallis.

SOPHORA VICIIFOLIA.

One of the most charming of new Chinese shrubs, perfectly hardy and of easy culture. It likes full sun, and succeeds in any good garden soil. An attractive feature of the flower is the blue calyx.



CLEMATIS MONTANA RUBENS.

Copyright.

The handsomest of the various forms of *Clematis montana*, and probably the best climber among recent Chinese introductions. Thrives well in chalky soil. Flowers rosy red, leaves purplish.

THE EVOLUTION OF A FISH-HOOK.

ANGLERS and fishermen generally are so familiar with the ordinary barbed hook of civilisation that they give little thought to its history, or realise that it is the result of many experiments, the product of a lengthy evolution. So far back does the life-history of the fish-hook go that it is impossible nowadays to trace all the steps of its development, but a general idea of the process may still be gained by a study of the habits of barbarous fishing peoples whose customs have been little altered by contact with civilisation. No people can furnish more interesting examples than the Red Indians of North America. Not that the Indians, by any

means, confined themselves to hook fishing. "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?"

Canst thou fill his skin with barbed iron? . . . or his head with fish spears?" says a Biblical writer, citing some of the simple fishing instruments known to him. These and many more methods are known to the Indians on the Pacific coast. Large fishes and seals are generally harpooned, but for smaller fishes the means of death are many. Salmon may be simply knocked on the head with a club; from the banks of rapid streams fishes are speared as they pass; the



A GORGE OR PIN "HOOK."

bow and arrow are still frequently used alongside such modern apparatus as gigs, traps, weirs, and various types of nets. Many Indian tribes have observed the success with which a flaming torch allures fishes to the surface, and have adopted this ruse on shore or in boat, the fishes being drawn out by hand-nets. Still more interesting is the device of several tribes, among

have depended upon the numbers and habits of the fishes to be caught, as well as upon the ingenuity of the tribe concerned, but in a general way it probably proceeded much on the same lines throughout the Pacific area.

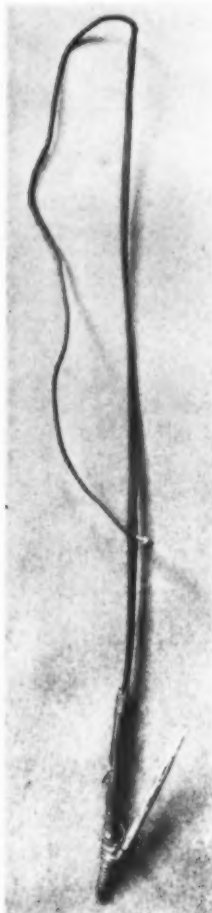
Simplest of all was a short length of wood or bone, suspended by the middle and sharpened at both ends (Fig. 1). Upon this "gorge" or "pin" hook was spitted a small fish for bait, and the weapon was operated by being jerked sharply by means of the line so soon as a larger fish had well swallowed it. The danger that at a jerk such an implement should slip from its hold in the potential captive was obviously great, and this

soon led to the adoption of a more secure device. To one end of a simply dressed splint of wood was attached a fishing line, and to the other end of the wood was lashed a sharp bone, directed backwards at an acute angle. In default of a bone, the

spike was formed of wood or shell, of stone or of iron. Such an instrument is represented in Fig. 2, a Makah Indian hook from Cape Flattery, for permission to photograph which, and the other hooks illustrating this paper, I am indebted to the Keeper of the Art and Ethnographical Department of the Royal Scottish Museum, where all the specimens are to be seen. In this example a roughly trimmed bone spike, about two inches long, is lashed to a piece of wood by strips of willow, while to the opposite end is attached a length of baleen or whalebone, to which again the fishing line is fastened. The total length to the tip of the whalebone is seventeen inches. Here was an approach to a simple true "hook," but still the main characteristic was the insecurity of its hold upon the captive. Probably the effective use of the curved spines of certain species of cacti suggested a hook in which a somewhat recurved tip would hold the fish more firmly. A typical example of such a hook is shown in Fig. 3, representing a large fish hook from the Pacific seven and a-half inches long. It is formed of a strong, well-dressed wooden shank tipped with beautifully smoothed bone, which is let into the wood and spliced on with fibre. Attached to the shank by spruce fibres is a rough, fibrous cord, strengthened by a finer cord closely whipped over the surface. It was the fault of all such simple hooks that the captured fish, by a rapid forward or backward movement, could almost always swim clear. Such hooks could, therefore, be used with best success only in the hand, when the advent of the quarry at the bait was the signal for a rapid hauling in of the fishing line. Some method had to be devised which would enable the fisherman to leave the hook unattended in the water and yet to find on his return a securely held captive. Such a desire led to the invention of a clumsy but effective



NATURE ADAPTED; HAIDA BARBED HOOK.



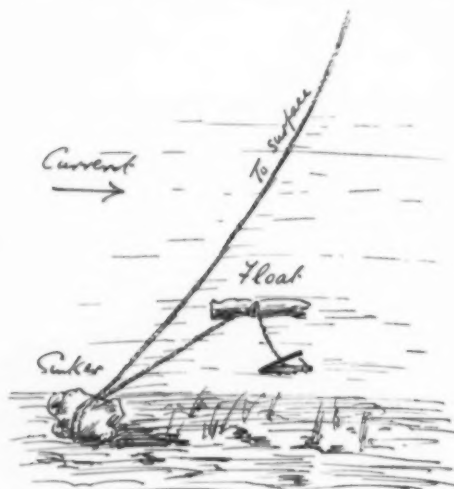
MAKAR SIMPLE ANGLED HOOK.



SIMPLE CURVED HOOK.

them the Cherokee and the Iroquois, of placing soap-root or poisonous barks or other parts of plants in their rivers, and so drugging the fishes that they can be captured as they float

insensible. But indeed, this is almost a world-wide practice, occurring not only among the Red Indians, but in the East and West Indies, as well as in Polynesia. Most interesting, however, from the point of view of development, is hook-fishing. The stages through which the hook passed must



THE HAIDA HOOK SET.

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ANOTHER HAIDA BARBED HOOK.

in Fig. 4 is formed from a natural branch, to which the bark still adheres, so bent that an iron spike lashed to one end by strands stripped from twigs forms an effective barb. The other end of this particular hook is graced by a carving of a bird's head with long beak and almost terminal nostrils, probably a totem of the owner's family. According to my informant, a Newhaven skipper, who brought the hooks from the Pacific coast, where he had been engaged in trawl-fishing for several years, this hook, whose base was eight and a half inches long, while the spike measured two and a half inches, was employed for catching halibut, and was baited by



A NEW USE FOR AN OLD FILE.

its upper lip over the barb and within the angle of the hook; when one remembers, further, the attraction added to a lure by even the slightest movement while it hangs in moving waters. The same type is seen in the much less primitive example shown in Fig. 6, where two roughly dressed pieces of wood, nine and a half inches long, are lashed together with cord, the spike being simply a wire nail. It is interesting to note how the natural branch and lashings of the first hook are replaced in this more



GRACE AND UTILITY: A MAKAH BARBED HOOK.

sophisticated but more clumsy example by dressed wood and civilised cord. But apparently anything came handy to the Haidas for their hook construction, as Fig. 7 testifies, wherein is represented a disused file (the ridges of which can be seen in the photograph) bent to approximately the same form and suspended by a double cord attached with a clove-hitch. These barbed hooks, as has been said, are Haida productions, but where other more suitable material was at hand, or perhaps where the fishermen possessed greater skill in handling natural wood, examples of much more graceful design prevailed. Such is represented in Fig. 8, a halibut hook of the Makah Indians, which is formed from a bent splint of hemlock spruce along the point of which lies a long bone spike whipped on with strips of spruce, such as

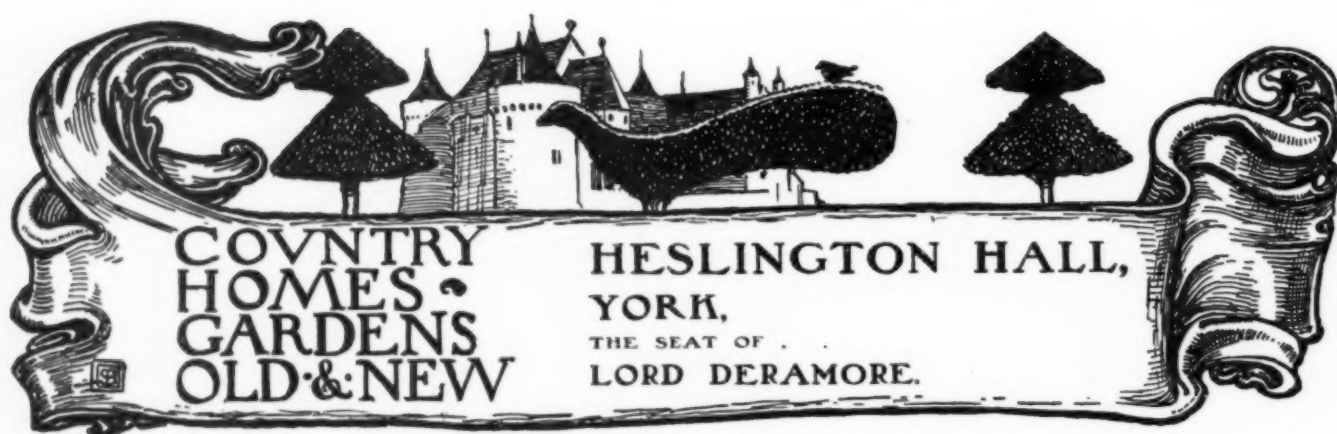
protect also the upper point. Here, as in another example, the bait lashing, composed of twisted gut, can be clearly seen. Hooks similar to those, but on a less scale are employed for catching smaller fishes, such as "flounders"; but to the casual observer the wonder is that instruments so clumsy catch any fish at all. It must be remembered, however, that they are used in an area where over-fishing is still unknown. It may not be to-day, as Captain John Smith related of the American coast in the early part of the seventeenth century, that the shoals of fish interrupt a boat's landing, but so numerous are the individuals that there is still a great struggle for food. Probably it is only under such conditions that the Indian hooks could prove effective; but as it is, they rival in utility the latest products of European manufacture. Other hooks are used by the Pacific Indians, such as the mechanical "snap" hook, which lays forcible hold of its victims, and many simple types of shell and stone hooks are manufactured by primitive oceanic tribes, especially in the South Seas; but for the present I have been content to show the gradual evolution of a hook which, if more clumsy, is at least analogous to the barbed hook used at the present time on all the coasts of Britain. The subject is very fascinating, as the fisherman follows one of the oldest, as it is in a way the most picturesque, of callings. It can be studied to some extent at our very doors at the present day, for the boy with a love of angling goes through the same evolution as the race. He first makes his own rude instrument and then climbs up from one refinement to another till he is master of the best wand made by the best maker.

JAMES RITCHIE.

THE BANSHEE.

"I am weary," said the Princess,
 "Yet I may not sleep for sorrow,
 And my eyes are blind with weeping,
 And my heart is heavy-laden,
 And my empty arms are aching
 For a sweet unwonted burden,
 And my ears are vexed with silence,
 Hearing nevermore the laughter
 Light on lips of little children."
 "Listen, Princess," said her maidens,
 "How the night-wind whispers comfort!"
 "Nay, small comfort," said the Princess,
 "From a voice of lamentation
 Like the wailing of a lost soul,
 Or the cry of little children
 Homeless in the darkling forest."
 "'Tis the sighing of the pine-trees,
 And the music of the torrent,
 And the dancing of the raindrops,
 Haply, and the west wind's laughter."
 "Nay," said she, "the snow is falling
 Softly as a falling feather,
 And the wind is hushed to silence,
 And the ice-bound streams are sleeping;
 Yet I hear it, calling, calling."
 "'Tis an angel," said her maidens,
 Bearing dreams to those who slumber,
 And you hear his rustling pinions."
 "Nay," said she, "ye talk but idly;
 'Tis the herald of my bridal;
 Mark ye, how my heart grows lighter!
 How my eyes shine like a maiden's
 Seeing nought but love beside her;
 How I make an end of sorrow!
 Old am I and grey and withered,
 Yet my soul is glad within me;
 "Deck me gaily," said the Princess,
 "Death and I shall wed to-morrow!"

ANGELA GORDON.



HESLINGTON village lies about two miles south of the city of York, to which it was strategically of importance at one moment in the Civil Wars. The Hall itself lies on the road, which it enlivens, like many another old house. The fine, consistent and unspoiled exterior of this Elizabethan house is said to have been built for the reception of the Queen, who was expected at York during one of her progresses, but, as a matter of fact, she never came there to gratify its builder, Thomas Eymis or Eymes, secretary of the Council for the northern parts of England. He was the son of a Shropshire man, a Thomas Eymis of Church Stretton, and was appointed to his office in the reign of Edward VI. Under Queen Elizabeth he was also "keeper of her Highness signett" for the Council; he held his secretary's post for nearly thirty years, and got together a large landed property. He had a large share in the church property in Yorkshire confiscated at the Reformation, and his Heslington estate consisted chiefly of land once belonging to the Hospital of St. Leonard and the Priory of St. Andrews, two religious houses at York. He was owner of the manors of Bugthorpe and elsewhere, and must have lived in great splendour between his house in the Minster Close, his London house in the Savoy and his two country houses of Bugthorpe and Heslington, for his will tells us that his plate weighed seven hundred and fifty-nine ounces. The house of Heslington, begun in 1565, was finished three years later by the evidence of the dated panel of his arms on the garden front. Ten years later Eymes was lying in York Minster, and his large possessions divided among his Thynne and Eymis nephews. His widow was given a life interest in nearly all his estates, and very probably lived at Heslington, for in her will (1584-5) she desired, if she died at York or Heslington, to be buried in the Minster,

where her epitaph has seen the wear and tear of a little more than three centuries.

The early nineteenth century painting shows the house before the alterations of the middle of that century—the walled forecourt with its simple gate piers, and the E-shaped brick house, with its stone mullions, quoins and pedimented and pillared porch, which depends so much for its effect upon the symmetrical arrangement of its bays on either side of this porch. To add life to the picture a carriage is drawn up before the gates left hospitably open.

Eymes seems to have been succeeded by the Hesketh family in a very short space of time. Sir Thomas had been already established in Heslington in the first year of James I.'s reign, as the King had granted him in that year the water-mills which had belonged to "the lately dissolved hospital or monastery of St. Leonard's, York." His will dated 1599 mentions only his "house in Preston wherein I dwell," which is bequeathed to his wife, with remainder to his brother Cuthbert and his heirs; but in 1602 he unseals this will and adds a bequest to his brother Cuthbert and his heirs of "all his lands and hereditaments in the county of York and in the city of York," which he had purchased. It was Sir Thomas who built a hospital at Heslington for eight poor men and one poor woman, endowed with a yearly rent charge out of the Castle Mills in York. This hospital was a close neighbour to the Hall until 1795, when Henry Yarburgh rebuilt it on its present site. The Heskeths are a Lancashire family, and Sir Thomas of "Haselington" was the eldest son (according to Dugdale) of Cuthbert Hesketh of Whitehill in Gosenargh, who died in 1629, and grandson of Gabraell Hesketh of Aughton. By the marriage of the heiress Ann Hesketh in 1692 Heslington passed into the hands of the Yarburghs, and



there is little trace of the Heskeths at Heslington but some armorial glass, argent, on a bend sable, three garbs or; crest a garb or banded azure with the motto "C'est la seule vertu qui donne la noblesse," which was removed from St. Lawrence's Church.

The Heskeths did not take any part in the Civil struggle in which York was involved. Twice the Parliamentarians made

Fairfax lay at Fulford and Heslington, making a bridge of boats over the Ouse; thus, as Sir Henry Slingsby writes, York was blocked up on two sides, and even more closely invested when Lord Manchester came with his Norfolk men, "and then closed us in on every side. The enemy began his approaches, raising a battery upon Windmill Hill, as the way lies to Heslington, plants upon it five pieces of cannon and plays from thence,



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THE HALL: SOUTH END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

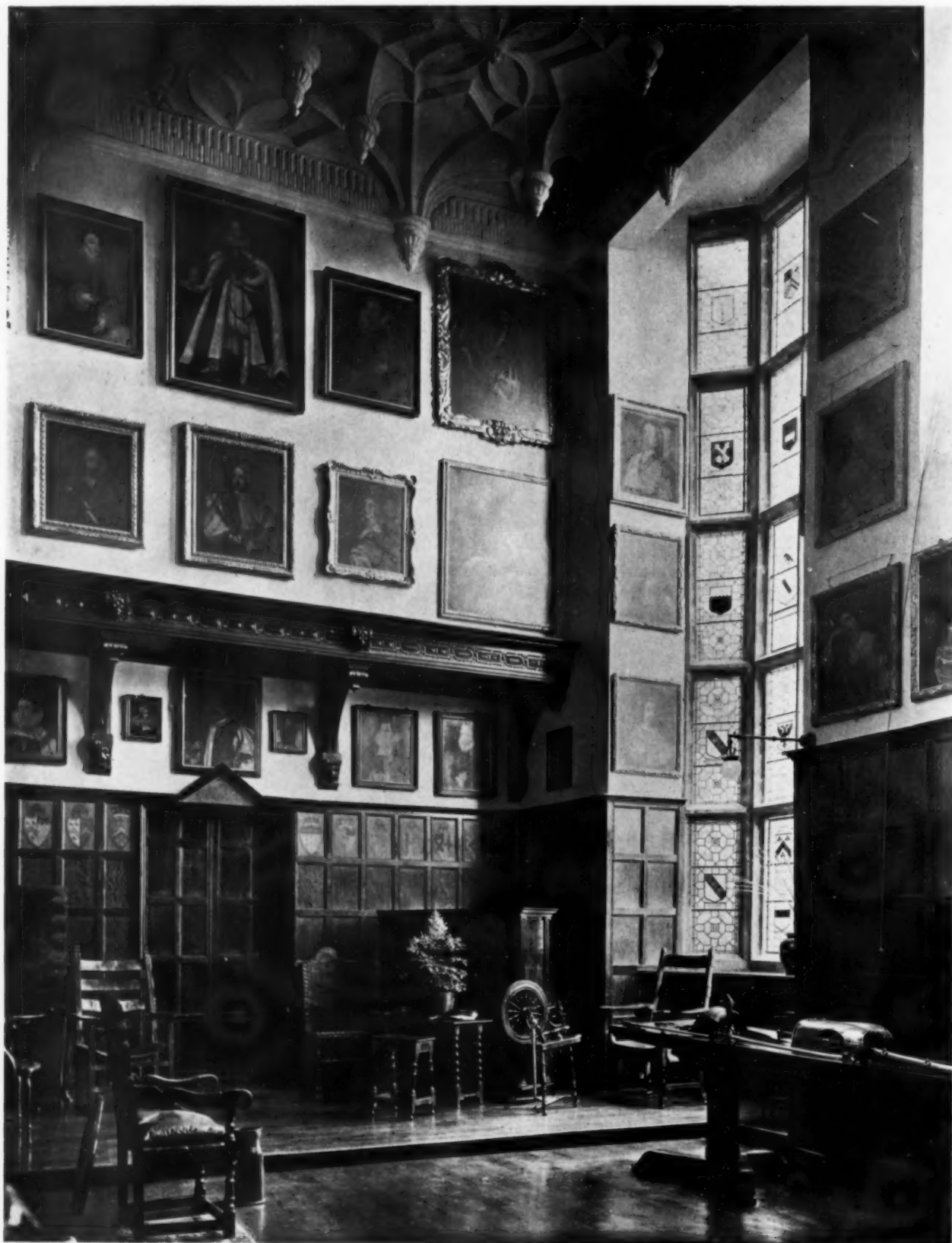
their appearance at Heslington as a position for military operations against the Royalist city of York. Towards the end of April, 1644, York was beleaguered, and in the bombardment a tower and gatehouse were shattered. Upon the platform of the keep the Royalist garrison placed two demi-culverins and a saker, and it is recorded that David Guilleme traversed a gun with precision and fired it, causing great havoc among the Parliamentary troops on Heslington Hill. Again in June

continually into the town." The siege was hotly pressed by Manchester, but on the 30th news came that Prince Rupert was advancing, and the "soure fanatiques" had to retire, Fairfax withdrawing from his position at Fulford and Heslington by his bridge of boats to Marston Moor.

The Yarbroughs, who came into possession of Heslington from the late years of the seventeenth century, are an ancient Lincolnshire family, seated later at Balne Hall in the West

Riding. Sir Nicholas Yarburgh, who removed from Balne to Snaith Hall in the reign of Charles I., was succeeded by his son, Sir Thomas, of whom there is a portrait at Heslington. Sir Thomas married not later than 1662-3 Henrietta Maria Blague, Maid-of-Honour to the Duchess of York, about whom Anthony Hamilton has something to say. She, by his account, was interested in the Marquis de Brisacier, a person distinguished for *amour propre*, who "looked upon her as a woman still more capricious than insignificant, and never troubled himself more about her; but Sir — Yarborough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage in the height of her resentment, and was accepted. Chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired

union would produce. . . . As for the pale Lady Yarborough, who appeared so proud of her match, she is wife to be sure of a great country bumpkin, who the very week after their marriage, bid her take her farewell of the town for ever, in consequence of five or six thousand pounds a year he enjoys. Alas, poor Miss Blague! I saw her go away about this time twelvemonth, in a coach with four such lean horses that I cannot believe she is yet half-way to her miserable little castle." The historian of Snaith seriously combats Anthony Hamilton's historiettes; and "My Lady Yarburgh's Book of Meditations, made by herself when she lived at Snaith Hall," now at Heslington, seems hardly in character with his picture. Their eldest son, James Yarburgh, who added Heslington to Snaith,





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THE WAY TO THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was godson to James II. and one of the Royal pages. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Guards and was *aide-de-camp* to the Duke of Marlborough. After his marriage with Ann Hesketh, Snaith was destroyed by fire and consequently deserted for Heslington, where Colonel Yarburgh went to live in 1707-8, taking with him from Snaith a Dutch cabinet valued at two pounds and a cabinet valued at five shillings from the Indian Room. His wife died in 1718, and was buried at St. Laurence's, where her epitaph warrants her "a woman excellent in all the duties of life." Colonel Yarburgh, who outlived her till 1731, left in his will a number of cabinets and bureaux to his large family. His daughter Ann was given his white japanned cabinet, his son Henry the chest of drawers

in his bedchamber; his son James, his "scrutore"; his son Hesketh, the "scrutore" in his closet; his son Charles, the "burroy" in his closet; while he desired that "the cabinet in the great dining-room" (which had probably been a present from the Duchess of York to his mother) should remain in the house as an heirloom for ever. This is probably the fine cabinet now in the morning-room. Of the twelve children, the eldest, Henrietta Maria, married at St. Laurence's the architect and playwright, Sir John Vanbrugh, and Thomas, the heir, who succeeded to the estates settled on him, was cut off with a shilling by his father, "he having very unhandsomely disposed of himself in marriage without consulting me." His younger brothers, Henry Hesketh and Charles, succeeded in their turn to



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

Heslington; but after the death of Nicholas Yarburgh (son of Charles) in 1852, the male line of the family comes to an end. A sister, Sarah Yarburgh, who married John Greame, nephew of John Greame of Sewerby House, left a son, Yarburgh Greame, who succeeded his uncle and assumed the Yarburgh

name and arms. He it was who re-edified Heslington during his short tenure before his death in 1856. Heslington then passed to his nephew, George Lloyd, who also took the name of Yarburgh. On his death in 1875 Heslington became the property of his elder daughter, Mary, who married, in 1862,



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THE HALL TABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



FROM AN OLD PAINTING OF THE ENTRANCE FRONT.



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NORTH-EAST FRONT AND FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

George Bateson, afterwards second Lord Deramore, whose son is the present owner. Heslington remained in its original condition until 1854, when the roofs were covered with black Lancashire slates and the two towers on the garden front were finished with turrets. Both these unfortunate changes have been cancelled by Lord Deramore, who, with the help of Mr. Walter Brierley, renewed the youth of the old place by removing the alien turrets and roofing Heslington with red, hand-made tiles instead of the uncongenial black slates. Yarburgh Yarburgh's internal alterations were very thorough and sweeping, and, as at Wroxton in the middle years of the nineteenth century, plain wainscot, simple plaster-work, were out of favour. At Heslington little of the old work remains except in the hall, which lies to the right of the screens, and is lighted at the dais end by the bay. The fine oak screen, the wainscot, where upwards of sixty shields of arms are now painted on the topmost panels, were found by Lord Deramore hidden under a coat of graining, beneath which was a coat of white paint. The lofty ceiling, which with its thickly clustering

pendentives, ending in moulded finials, breaks the monotony and adds greatly to the richness of the effect of the hall, is exactly paralleled by the ceiling in the Great Chamber at Gilling, except that in the latter case small heraldic beasts ornament some of the panels. The two oak tables, one eighteen feet long, the other of smaller size, of which the top is formed of a single plank of great thickness, are a feature of the hall. These weighty tops are supported at each end by a plain rectangular chamfered upright, with three shaped cross-pieces below forming an ample foot.

But if the house has suffered change, the gardens have not. The forecourt has been slightly altered by the exchange of the tall wall of the old picture for an iron-railed dwarf wall, and Diana's statue in the centre of the square grass plot is an addition. But in the gardens Sir Thomas Hesketh would find himself at home, for the owners of Heslington have been among the very few unaffected by the sophistries of the men of the landscape school, at a time these were busy removing their fathers' landmarks and the

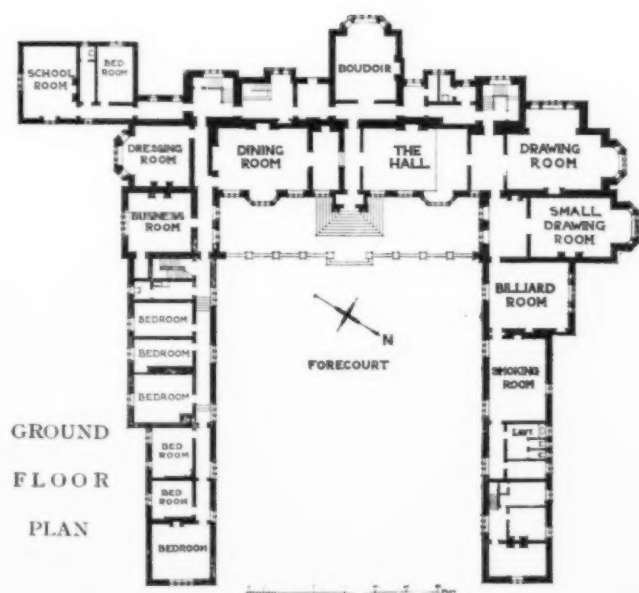
formal lay-out that had satisfied so many generations, and creating gardens which, in spite of their would-be naturalism, were as artificial as anything that had existed before. The Heslington garden, which has been compared to Levens, which was planted in the early eighteenth century, is really of a very different character to that well-known *tour de force* in the Dutch manner, with its conceits in yew, a manner developed by the Dutch gardeners, "who used it to a fault, especially in England, where we abound in so good grass and gravel." But the Heslington garden is an exercise in a simpler and more English style. It lies on the south-west side of the house, walled in on one side by a tall yew hedge, and was laid out soon after the house was built. A sundial of North Country pattern, with multitudinous gnomons, is raised on a pillar standing



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THE MIDDLE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



upon steps, and serves as a central feature, and round about it are ancient clipped yews and hollies. The Heslington yews show none of the extravagance in tree sculpture, "the yews in the shape of giants, Noah's ark cut in holly, St. George and the Dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurustine bears, and all that race of root-bound monsters which flourished so long and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass plat"—



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CLIPPED YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that most absurd "tonsure of greens" that amused and irritated Pope and Addison; but a sober geometry of simple devices, such as ball-topped cylindrical forms, or a wall shorn and trimmed to the evenness of a wall of stone, which by their very size give dignity to the simple scheme, and harmonise with the red brick of the house as it appears between the interstices of their dark and massive antiquity. J.

THE OTTER ON LAND.

THE present season with otter hounds has been marked by the number of hunts which have had their beginning and end inland, often a considerable distance from the water. This raises an interesting sporting question, and one affecting the habits of the otter: "Is the summer beast of venery more a creature of the land than is imagined?" Master Lutra, like the badger, does not offer the same opportunities to the student of natural history as other wild fauna in England, and throughout all time there have been varying opinions as to their genus, their habits and food. An old rhyme tells us something of these early uncertainties:

The shorn monks of Waltham once had a dispute,
Ere their Lent and their fast-days began,

If the otter should class as the fish or the brute,
Or their flesh be a dainty for man.
The Church soon declared him unfit for their dish,
And quickly spread round the report;
And from that day to this he's rejected as fish,
And for hunters become a free sport.

Our forbears were unanimous at one time in classing the otter as fish, and we, in more enlightened days, are often apt to associate Master Lutra almost solely with the water and its immediate vicinity. Many an ardent otter-hunter knows comparatively little of the habits of the animal which show him sport apart from that connection, and even those who know most as to the natural history of the species cannot settle one or two disputed points. For instance, the average otter-hunter does not know that otters frequently make lengthy excursions inland, often two or three miles away from the water. This, however, is a well-established fact. One associates the animal with river and stream, comes to look upon him as a fisherman and fish-eater, and takes too much for granted in connection with his habits, and is inclined to throw doubt upon evidence contrary to preconceived ideas as to lutrarian orthodoxy when we have it brought before us. Again, not a few are inclined to write down a stream or river as innocent of otters because hounds draw it blank and because they have not noted any of the well-known signs that one or more otters have been working the waters. The deduction may be far from being correct.

It frequently happens that otters, prompted by instinct or reason (who shall say which?), decide upon both a change of *locale* and food. They have a sort of intuitive knowledge as to the situation of waters new, and choose the route thither which provides the greatest covert, is the easiest to travel, and at the same time enables them to feed on insects, frogs, and even young rabbits. The damp, dew-laden meadows offer all these desiderata, and many a time and oft have naturalist-farmers, out for an early morning shoot, come across travelling otters some considerable distance inland. The animal has a peculiar gait, and though not as slow as a badger, still, like him, the otter is not constructed for speed upon land. When an otter, in front of hounds, for some reason takes to the open country, it is any odds you like against him, for, though much more of a land animal than is generally supposed, still, water is his natural element. Most of those who have done much ottering will be

able to recall holts which have been discovered in the woodlands and elsewhere as remote as a quarter of a mile from the nearest water. It is difficult to explain why this should be so, except in the case of rivers (like the Tees at Eryholme, for instance, which rises a foot or more with tremendous suddenness) which are apt to flood out every bankside hole, cavity and drain in the twinkling of an eye. Otters prefer to lay up some little distance away from such waters, especially when they have young families; and there again one has to find some explanation as to the *raison d'être* of their inland journeyings.

Of course, it is quite out of the question, for divers reasons, for the Masters of Otter-hounds to draw the open country. Farmers would not care for it, the local M.F.H. would not thank the M.O.H., game-preservers would naturally kick, and, another equally weighty reason, the draw of some waters would then become interminable, and the pack would hardly be able to hunt the whole of their country in one season. All this does not alter the fact that many an otter is left behind within hallowing distance of the river, and with him the hopes and expectations of the day. It is not only when severe winters interfere with fishing operations

that otters travel afoot. Indeed, they seem to have a *penchant* for the meadows after rains or heavy dews immediately before hay-time, and their tracks are very evident through the long grass for those with eyes to see and understand.

I remember, when living at Battersby in Cleveland, a farmer coming to me one morning when I was at breakfast, and telling me that he had caught a badger in one of his rabbit-wires and that he did not know how to set about releasing it. As I accompanied him to the spot—half a mile from the River Leven—he informed me that he had often heard of badgers being about, but he had never seen one in his life before. He added that it seemed "a most terrible ferocious beast, and hissed at him each time he went near it." This, and other particulars, led me to suppose that it was an otter and not a badger which had been unfortunate enough to choose the gap in the hedge in which the snare had been set. On arrival at the spot this proved to be the case. The lutrine prisoner was sulking, but made a dash at my walking-stick when I moved it to see the whereabouts of the wire noose. It held the stick with a vice-like grip, and thus enabled me to seize it firmly while my companion, with some trepidation and constant urgings that I should "ho'd it tight," removed the wire. I asked him if he wanted to take the captive home, but he replied that "it would kill everything about his spot and frighten his missus to death"; so we decided to give it its liberty. It seemed in no particular hurry to make itself scarce, and trotted off in quite a leisurely manner.

J. FAIRFAX BLAKEBOROUGH.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ONE of the most interesting events of recent times has been the elevation of the Orders of Chivalry to a more dignified place in the national life than heretofore. In the case of the Garter, that most ancient, most noble and most coveted of all the Orders in Christendom, the restoration of the keeping of "St. George's Day" by King George V. has revived a splendid pageant, with its proper accompaniment of a solemn service

not been any further attempt to continue such functions. It has, however, lately been announced that the celebrations of the Order are to be revived, and that the chapel of King Henry is once again to see a yearly service of commemoration. It may, therefore, be of interest to recall some of the more interesting features in connection with the chapel itself.

In 1494, King Henry VII., having practically completed the great chapel of St. George at Windsor begun by his predecessor,



Frederick H. Evans.

LOOKING EASTWARDS.

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in the great chapel of the Order at Windsor. Under King Edward VII. the Order of St. Michael and St. George was allotted a chapel for a like purpose within the cathedral church of St. Paul in the heart of the Empire, and for the Order of the Thistle a sumptuous chapel has been built at Edinburgh in keeping with its ancient dignity. So long ago as 1725, the magnificent chapel built by King Henry VII. as the Lady chapel of Westminster Abbey was fitted up for a celebration connected with the revival of the Order of the Bath; but since 1815 there has

pulled down the old chapel of the Garter to the east of it, and began, in its place, as a Lady chapel, the structure which was subsequently converted by Queen Victoria into a memorial for the Prince Consort. The new chapel was to be amply endowed, and the King proposed to translate into it the remains of King Henry VI., which had been removed from Chertsey Abbey into St. George's Chapel by King Richard III., and to set up within it a tomb for himself. The King's tomb was actually begun, and his other plans were well advanced, when

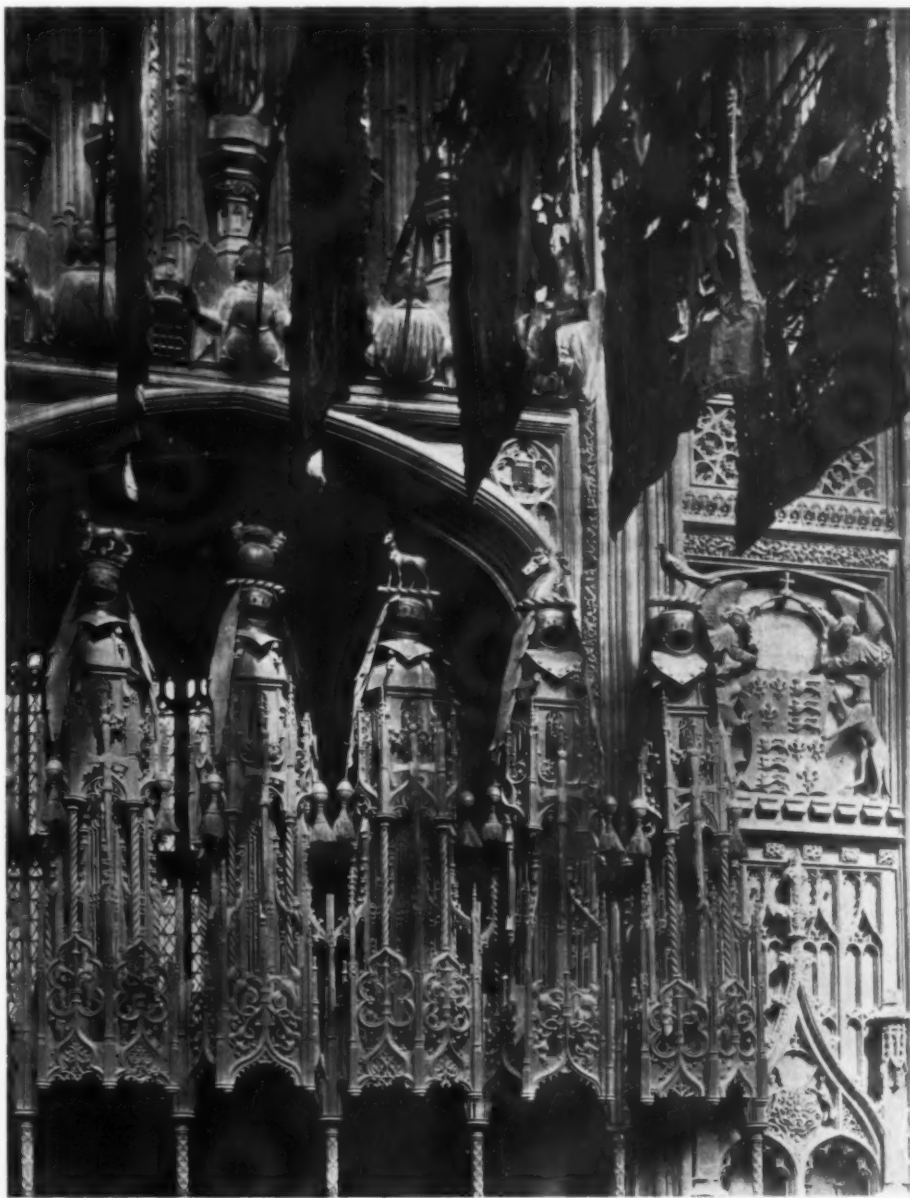
the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, in February 1497-8, intervened with a petition as to the higher claims of their church to be the burying place of the King's great-uncle. King Henry, they pleaded, was not only their parishioner, but he had himself elected to be buried amid the tombs of his ancestors, and had marked out on the floor the place for his grave. The Privy Council, to whom the matter was submitted by the King, decided in favour of the Abbey, and in July following the King entered into a covenant with the Abbot, the Prior and Convent for the translation of King Henry's remains into a chapel which he proposed to build for them. The endowments of the Windsor chapel were accordingly transferred to Westminster, and on January 24th, 1502-3, the foundation-stone of the new building was laid by the Abbot and others in the King's name.

On March 31st, 1509, just before his death, King Henry made his will, in which he refers to his desire "right shortly to translate" to Westminster "the bodie and reliques of our Uncle of blessed memorie King Henry the VIth," and to the "Chapell we have begonne to buyld of newe, in the honour of our blessed Lady." The will also contains minute directions as to the tomb of the King and his Queen, the exact place of which was "ordred in the plat made for the same Chapell, and signed with our hande." If the chapel, tomb, etc., were not ready in the King's lifetime, they were to be finished by his executors, who were also to see "that the said Chapell be desked, and the windowes of our said Chapell be glazed, with stores, ymagies, armes, bagies and cognoisaunts, as is by us redily devised, and in picture delivered to the Priour of saint Bartilmews beside Smythfeld, maister of the works of our said Chapell; and that the walles, doores, windows, Archies and Vaults, and ymagies of the same our Chapell, within and without, be painted, garnished and adorned with our armes, bagies, cognoisaunts, and other convenient painteng, in as goodly and riche maner as suche a werk requireth, and to a King's werk apperteigneth."

The King's directions as to his tomb and the finishing of the chapel were carried out more or less faithfully by his executors, but the remains of King Henry VI. were never removed from Windsor, where they were found in their leaden chest so lately as 1910. Since the King's will refers only to his tomb, the desking of the chapel, the glazing of the windows, and the decoration of the whole building within and without with colour, it is clear that by 1509 the chapel was finished structurally. Its ground plan is practically that of a square with five-eighths of an octagon attached eastwards; but it is subdivided into a quire and aisles of four bays, with a polygonal presbytery, out of which open five square chapels. These chapels, as well as the aisles, are lighted by lofty bay windows of singular plan, set between masses of masonry which form the abutment of the elaborate stone vaults that cover all the parts of the chapel. These windows are of interest not only from their plan, but because they furnish a strong clue to the identity of the master-mason who designed them. Their prototypes apparently were the four oriels, now unhappily reduced to two, in the building or tower, as it was called, added by King Henry VII. to the Royal apartments in Windsor Castle. These works seem to have been in hand from 1497 to 1499, and the masons named in connection with them are Richard Nymes and Robert Jenyns. Of the former nothing more is known. The latter was probably the son of Henry Jenyns, the master-mason of St. George's Chapel at Windsor from at least 1477 onwards, and there can be little doubt, from certain general resemblances between them, that the Westminster chapel is an improved

and enlarged version of that at Windsor. Robert Jenyns is, moreover, actually mentioned in connection with Westminster as one of the King's three master-masons who gave estimates for the making of King Henry VII.'s tomb in 1506-7. The other two master-masons were Robert Vertue and John Lebous. The former had already done important work for the King, and was probably a kinsman of another Windsor free-mason, William Vertue, who, in conjunction with John Hylmer, contracted in 1506 to vault the quire of St. George's Chapel in a manner according to that of the nave, which is almost certainly their work also. They similarly contracted to vault the Lady chapel at Windsor in 1511. To Robert Jenyns and Robert Vertue therefore we probably owe most part of the building and the wonderful vaults of the Westminster chapel.

The scheme of the interior main elevation is quite simple: an arcade with carved spandrels and a tall clerestory of



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CANOPIES AND CRESTED HELMS.

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five-light windows, with an intervening band of decoration. At Windsor this consists of traceried panelling, with a lovely frieze over of angels with scrolls at the base of the windows. But at Westminster the angels are on a somewhat larger scale and placed over the arches, where they alternate with crowned figures of the King's badges. The space between these and the windows is then filled with a great array of imagery in canopied housings, five to a bay, forming with the angel frieze one of the most splendid displays of the sort to be seen anywhere. The principal figure is that of Our Lord, between his Mother and the Archangel Gabriel, standing in the midst of the twelve apostles, with eight holy women beyond. On the arch between quire and presbytery are the four doctors with the evangelists above, and other four figures, now lost, below. The holy women are continued in the next bay with John the

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THE WAY INTO KING HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

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Baptist and the deacon martyrs, and the martyrdom of Edmund or Sebastian opposite. Beyond comes an alternating array of bishops and kings, mostly popular English saints, like Dunstan, Cuthbert and Hugh, Edmund, the two Edwards and Oswald. Then more popular saints, including George, Armil, and Thomas of Canterbury; and the end bays are filled with images of philosophers. The total number of figures was seventy-seven,

at Cambridge and the "new work" at Peterborough, and the Divinity School and the presbytery of Christchurch at Oxford. The vaults covering the aisles and chapels strongly resemble those corresponding in St. George's Chapel.

Of the fittings, reference must first be made to the King's tomb, which was to stand "in the myddes of the same Chapell, before the high Aultier." The sumptuous "grate, in maner



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THE GRATE OF KING HENRY'S TOMB.

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of which only six are missing. Thirty more images, of which six are lost, were disposed in the chapels and over the altars in the aisle, making a total, when complete, of one hundred and seven; a number, in this country, only surpassed at Wells. Of the main vault it need only be said that it is worthy of the building it covers, and that it forms the culmination of a magnificent series of such works as can only be seen, in England, at Sherborne, Windsor in nave and quire, King's College Chapel

of a closure, of copper and gilt," which stands about the monument seems to have served the like purpose about an earlier tomb in the Lady chapel at Windsor, for which various payments were made in 1501 and 1502, ending with its removal to Westminster early in 1503. In 1506 and 1507 considerable sums were spent either upon completing this tomb or making a new one, but the directions in the King's will clearly point to yet another monument. This, in its turn, was set aside

for the magnificent Italian tomb contracted for by Torregiano in 1512, and eventually set up within the English bronze grate. Some of the heraldic additions to this tomb were probably made for one of the discarded monuments, since they are English work; and two of the figures of the King's "avouries" (St. Edward and St. Vincent) in the roundels about the tomb are by English and not Italian hands, like the rest of the series. Within the grate was an altar, at which masses were said daily for the King's and Queen's souls. For some reason the tomb and grate do not stand as intended in the middle of the chapel, but towards the east in the place of the high altar of the chapel itself, which in turn was set up to the west of it. This was also by Torregiano and was a sumptuous work of black and white marble, gilded bronze, and glazed terra-cotta. It was destroyed in 1643, but two of the marble supports of the altar and a length of cornice have been recovered and form part of the decorations of the present altar.

The stalls now in the quire of the chapel originally stood in front of the three western bays, and do not seem to have been returned, as was usual, at the west end. The arches east of them on either side were filled with curved stone screens, not unlike the aisle windows, which must have formed a remarkably picturesque feature. When, however, the chapel was fitted up in 1725 for the Order of the Bath the stalls were rearranged and set back between all the four arches of the quire, and the stone screens to the aisle were cut away for them. The stalls themselves were also made to carry crested helmets, like those at Windsor, and gilded plates, with the arms of the knights. Finally, a row of hanging banners was fixed above the stalls, also in imitation of the Windsor chapel, and the splendid range of imagery along the side walls almost hidden from view.

It remains to be seen how far the merits of these beautiful statues will commend themselves to those who are refitting the chapel for the coming function. One interesting point about the stalls is their markedly foreign character, so unlike the somewhat earlier stalls at Windsor, which were done by English "kervers." Two foreigners, however,

Dirike Vangrove and Giles van Castell, wrought the Rood and other images for St. George's Chapel, and it is quite possible that they are responsible for the Westminster stalls.

Of the many other noble monuments within the chapel space, including the touch tomb and bronze effigy of the founder's mother, the Lady Margaret Beaufort, and the marble and alabaster tombs of Queen Elizabeth and of Mary Queen of Scots, this is not the place to speak, but a mention must be made of the unrivalled bronze doors through which the chapel is entered. These are framed with pierced panels displaying the King's badges, etc., and are among the finest works of their class in existence.

The outside of the chapel had the misfortune to undergo a "thorough restoration" early in the nineteenth century at the hands of James Wyatt, who, in deference to the wishes of the Dean, refaced the whole of the stonework, and so, as William Morris once said, "managed to take all the romance out of the exterior of this most romantic work of the late Middle Ages." The chief features of the exterior are the panelling above the clerestory windows, and the massive octagonal buttresses that carry the traceried butting-arches of the main vault. These buttresses are covered all over with delicate panelling and weighted by heavy domed pinnacles with housings for images. Dart states that these were "taken away lest they should fall upon the heads of those who attend the Parliament." From the names inscribed on scrolls below the housings, the images, which were forty-eight in number, seem to have represented the Apostles and Evangelists, and the major and minor Prophets, with David, Solomon and a few other Old Testament worthies.

In conclusion, it may fairly be claimed that King Henry VII.'s Chapel is one of the most notable buildings of its kind in the world, forming, as it does, one of the finest and richest examples of the latest phase of English architecture before it was affected by the coming of the Renaissance, and manifesting in its stupendous vault the culminating triumph of medieval engineering.

W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER.

THERE is so much that might be said about Dr. Montagu Butler, the Master of Trinity College who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, that it is difficult to know where to begin. For many years it has been a tradition that while there are many Bishops there is but one Master of Trinity, and never has tradition been more amply fulfilled than at the present time. The appointment to the Mastership is a Crown appointment, and in this instance at least the Crown was well advised.

It is twenty-seven years since Dr. Butler succeeded the caustic but kindly Dr. Thompson as Master of the greatest College in either of the older Universities. After the manner of Masters, Dr. Thompson had unconsciously inherited many of the good sayings which were really uttered by his predecessors, especially by Dr. Lort Mansel, Bishop of Bristol. But he had a biting wit all his own, and, owing to his scholarship, and perhaps a little owing to his dignified presence and the majesty of his face, he was a great personage in the University. It was somewhat of a shock to the present writer a year or two ago to meet in London an elderly but very *debonair* Marquess, who said to him: "When I was up at Trinity with the late King Edward there was a fellow called Thompson, tutor. *Often wondered what became of Thompson?*" But his wonder would have been nothing to the wonder of Thompson could he have heard the remark!

Dr. Butler is the fourth son of Dr. George Butler, Senior Wrangler one hundred and nineteen years ago. Like himself, his father was first Head-master of Harrow and then a Dean. A striking portrait of Dr. George Butler was presented by the Master of Trinity many years ago to Sidney Sussex College, from which house his father graduated. After taking his degree in 1855, Dr. Montagu Butler was for a short time private secretary to the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, later Lord Mount Temple. But within four years of taking his B.A. degree, and at an unprecedented youthfulness, he accepted the Head-mastership of Harrow School. This position he held with the greatest success for twenty-six years. Then for one short year he occupied the dignified post of Dean of Gloucester, and in 1886 returned as head of his old College in his old University.

It is difficult to put into words what Dr. Butler is and has been to Cambridge. It is easy to write that he is the "Grand Old Man of the University"; but such phrases have little real

significance and are better left to politicians. One or two attempts to define his position may, however, be hazarded. He is above all things a strong Churchman, but a Churchman of the widest and broadest mind. Any movement, no matter from what source, which makes for good, has not only his sympathy, but his active co-operation, and in all senses of the word he is one of the most generous of men. The ceaseless hospitality of the Lodge is perhaps equalled, but certainly not surpassed, by that of his College.

His mind is stored with the best of classical and modern literature, and with the finer traditions of the Victorian period. He has enjoyed first-hand acquaintance with the leading men of the last sixty years—men of letters, men of science, statesmen and artists. Cultivated, deeply read, with a very keen sense of humour, he is undoubtedly the best after-dinner speaker that the University—perhaps the country—possesses, though while Sir Michael Foster lived, Sir Michael ran him rather close. But the Master of Trinity is far more than a genial, weighty, witty post-prandial talker. His lectures and his addresses have an effectiveness which gain much by the mastery of their delivery. His hearers go away with the conviction that the Master has seen and known those whom he tells them about. And, indeed, in many cases he has. "And did you once see Shelley plain?" Well, in words of metaphor the Master did.

There is also a certain "distinction," a certain high-mindedness, if we may be excused so awful a word, associated with what he says and does. His old-world but very genuine and characteristic activities are not always noticed or recognised by some of the younger members of the University, but they are very patent to, and most deeply appreciated by, those whose age is sloping to the hither side of life. Again, he has an exceptionally kindly and courteous manner, and retains that stately grace of our forefathers, a grace which seems to be rapidly disappearing in the turmoil and the petrol of the present world.

It would be idle to attempt to enumerate the numerous honours that have been showered upon Dr. Butler. It would be more idle to try and number the recurring honours which his talented children have won. The son of a Senior Wrangler, he was himself a Senior Classic; in his second marriage he wedded a wife of equal academic distinction, and their sons have repeated their academic performance. Here at least is a case of *Eugenetics in excelsis*.

As an example of his acuteness and of his humour, it is difficult to avoid quoting a story read the other day in a recent Memoir of the late Registry of the University, Mr. J. W. Clark, known to his friends as "J." Mr. Clark was Secretary to the Museums and Lecture Rooms Syndicate. The writer of this article has had some experience of syndicate meetings, and knows but one Vice-Chancellor who could have been the hero of the latter part of this following paragraph:—

"J." kept us all going by his running comments on men and things, especially on those whom he considered to be what he called "advanced." He used to affect a certain mild contempt for professors, a feeling which no one who had not been born of one and spent his childhood surrounded by others could possibly entertain. He enjoyed correcting their English and their orthography, and I think he enjoyed still more letting the Syndicate know that he had done so. On one occasion I well remember his blurting out, "Of course, Professor Z. behaved with his usual c——" Whether it was "carelessness" or "casualness" we shall never know, for the revered Vice-Chancellor, who was sleeping in the chair, caught him on the initial "c" with a sonorous "Courtesy," and this without the intermission of a single nod.



W. G. Meredith.

ELD AND ITS FASHIONS.

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ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

GOLF: THE MATHEMATICAL GAME.

By HEINRICH SCHMIDT.

EVER since my arrival in England I have heard a great deal in regard to the slowness of the Americans, I being one of the number. The general impression seems to be that the few Americans who have been on this side of the water this year are representative of American slowness in the playing of golf. Although we play a great deal more carefully in America, we do not always take so much time over our shots as the American competitors have taken in this year's events. The explanation is merely this, that our season only begins about the middle of May, at which time of the year your golfers are almost in their best form, resulting from an early start somewhere in the winter season. They have their confidence, and have practically no reason for taking a few practice swings before making the stroke. It will be seen that as a result our players naturally take a practice swing or two, partly because they are a wee bit unsteady on their feet from the rough journey across the "Pond," and partly because they feel the responsibility of making as good a showing as possible since the public eye is naturally focussed on the stranger. I believe I was the first offender, playing in the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in May. I put in but three practice days before the tournament and, of course, I felt the responsibility as I progressed in the Championship. Shortly after this I played in the qualifying round at Hoylake, playing immediately in front of Mr. Hilton. He assured me that I never played as fast as that while I was at St. Andrews. I did not hold him up once on the course, showing that I had gotten on to my feet and cultivated more confidence in my game, so that I could go at it more rapidly.

The next we heard of the slow-playing Americans was at the French Amateur Championship in the new form of Stearns and my brother, who, I was told, monopolised a great deal of valuable time. When the tournament began Stearns had been over the course but two or three times, although he had been doing some playing on British courses previous to his Continental golf at La Boulie. Karl Schmidt, on the other hand, had never even seen the course, having landed at Fishguard but the morning before, and arrived in Paris at ten o'clock the night before. Needless to say, a match in which a competitor has never seen the course, and is in a strange land of golf so that he is obliged to ask his caddie where the next hole is, and this in a language he is not accustomed to, will take more time than any match under normal circumstances. The circumstances of all these matches must be kept in mind; then it will be seen that abnormal slowness is not the characteristic of American golf to the extent our English cousins have

believed it to be. Some may have thought that the slowness was simply a scheme by which the American was working up his opponent's nerve to such a state that victory would be more in his line of fate. I assure you such was not the case; the reasons I have given above were the only reasons.

Outside of all that, however, the American golfers are much slower players than the English. That was about the first thing I noticed in the play at St. Andrews and also with the professionals, of whom George Duncan is absolutely the speediest I ever had the pleasure of watching; but Duncan plays so fast that he gives one the impression that he is playing careless golf. In the seventy-two-hole matches at Walton Heath and Sunningdale last month I did my best to get some pictures of Duncan, and succeeded in getting but four, but his style of play is no more representative of British golf than ours is of American. The Americans

seem to play the game more for what the game really means to them. The game of tennis, although a mathematical game, requires a rapid analysis of short strokes and quick action to take advantage of the stroke and consequently the opponent. Golf, on the other hand, is a mathematical game which has not the time element to consider, but instead has a greater number of mathematical problems to be solved before a stroke can be made with any certainty of the result. Slowness and care are the characteristics of the game as it is played in the States, and of course there is a tendency towards overdoing a good thing, but not intentionally, with nothing but a victory in view. When one stops to consider the various points involved in a stroke, one invariably comes to the conclusion that the



MR. MORNINGTON CANNON.

game is nothing but a mathematical problem with very little exercise thrown in. And that is really what the game means to me. For instance, in every stroke the distance, kind of shot, slope of ground and the result on the ball after it lands, effect of wind, drag or run on the ball, stance, kind of club, etc., and so on through many more time-taking problems—all must be considered before you can really say to yourself when you are following through: "I have done everything I can to make that shot a success." If enough time has been taken to solve these problems, one can never say to one's self: "Well, I could have done better if I had taken time, but I played carelessly and got what I deserved." One such experience was enough to convince me, and since that time I have attempted to play golf, taking it as a problem and not as a game of luck in which one simply takes a chance at having the ball go just right.

As to the right amount and the proper place to take time over one's shots, that is very simple, or ought to be. To me the place where a hole is most often won or lost is right on the putting-green. Here a good long putt can cover a multitude of sins

made through the green and perhaps all the way up to the hole. One cannot be too careful on the green. But if there is anything I hate to see it is a man who monopolises the course through the green. It shows a golfer up when he is undecided as to which club he should use. The time to consider this question is between the shots, in walking up to the ball—this is making good use of one's time. Think about the next stroke between shots, and think of nothing else, if it is good golf you are out for playing. The only thing to consider through the field directly before making the stroke is whether the lie warrants the use of such and such a club to get the desired length and type of shot; and this takes but a second. I can see no just reason for wasting time through the field by pondering over the hole, then handling about every club in one's bag, and continuing this procedure for several minutes. As for the green itself, I am a firm believer in taking enough and not lots of time. To study the putt while your opponent is studying or putting is one way of saving time—if I did not do that I would not get round in four hours! On every putt of five feet or more I always make sure of the character of the green, whether slow or fast, what the rolls are, especially near the cup, where I want to putt from in case I miss a long putt, how the wind will affect the putt, what the line and roll is as viewed from the hole and from the ball, how hard the putt should be hit; I notice the undulation of the green, viewing the putt from the sides and remarking the slope towards the hole, whether uphill or down. But it needs less time to take all these necessary precautions than to tell them one and all as I have just done. How often we hear, "Well, I had no idea there was such a roll," or "My, but that green is terribly tricky around the cup." The time to say those things is before the putt is made. I believe that nine-tenths of the chronic grumblers on a golf course are careless players, who would rather take the necessary time with a shot afterwards by talking about things they of their own carelessness failed to grasp. And when it comes to a championship match the time to realise and appreciate the dangers involved in the putt is all the more important, since the "down in two putts" game is usually the winning game. The sad experiences I have had in former years were due to this matter of carelessness. I have been reassured time and again of this fact, but experience is the best teacher.

Then, again, as regards the practice stroke, which I persist in making before the stroke itself. Of course, it takes time, but this time is not utilised for the purpose of wearing out my opponent or myself. Far be it from me to resort to any such practice. The purpose is simply this: Before I go up to the ball I have made up my mind what the line of play is, what kind of a shot to make and how hard, or rather how far back, I must swing to obtain the desired shot and length. I therefore make a practice swing, not simply to make a stroke to be duplicated on the real stroke, but one which will give me a check on my estimation of the back-swing required. After making the practice stroke I may say to myself, "That will not be enough; I will have to give it a little more." But I do not make the stroke over again to make doubly sure—to me it seems altogether too cautious and entirely unnecessary. The purpose of the practice stroke is to check one's mental estimate, and this is not a tiresome mental exertion, nor even a physical one. One practice stroke takes but a second, and is conducive to good results, or perhaps well-meant results.

All of these precautions, perhaps altogether too elaborate for a game, are great factors in match play competitions, in which the match is usually more a match of sound nerves than of skill. The way I can best keep my nerve in a tight match is to play cool and deliberate golf, not brilliant but steady golf, right down the alley if possible, and let my opponent "shoot his head off" or make mistakes which I can take advantage of. A consistent straight game is usually a winning game—brilliance does not figure in a long match. And that brings me to the statement I made to Mr. John Ball, in which I said that my game in any match is to watch the other man and to take advantage of his mistakes. I do not depend upon my skill to win a match, for the simple reason that I have not this great quality, which comes only with long years of play. As near as I can make out, the game of golf in match play is about two-fifths skill and three-fifths nerve.

THE PROMISE OF A NEW CODE OF RULES.

MAY we look for a good time coming, and do we see hopes of golf under a more simple and satisfactory code of rules? It is devoutly to be wished, and there is evidence that, at all events, some other people than the members of the official Rules of Golf Committee are about to set their hands to plough this thankless furrow, in the following words which we find in the paper which devotes itself exclusively to golf: "The main fabric [of the rules] is sound enough, and all that is required is restoration. By the simple process of lopping off the pettifogging excrescences that have been added since 1882 the code could be reduced to reasonable and rememberable proportions and, at the same time,

be made to show a simpler, saner and manlier game. In the coming months we hope to show how this can be done." A "pettifogging excrescence" sounds like a growth of very terrible activities, but we may look to the coming months to produce a more healthy and normal offshoot; and in any case this is what we have been desiring to see for a long while—not quite so much criticism of the acts of the Rules Committee, but something a little more creative. Even if the new act of creation is to consist mainly of the lopping off of useless excrescences, it will be interesting to see what kind of a code results from it. Of one thing the off-lopper may rest securely assured, that if he can produce a code which is more simple and more sane than that evolved by the multifarious labours of the Rules Committee, the members of that Committee will be the very first to congratulate him on a really remarkable achievement, and to accept his improved and revised version with all gratitude. What there is greater reason to expect, than a more perfect code devised by his single brain, is that it may prove a basis on which a code of more simplicity may eventually be built. But after the long and sad experience of the past, even that expectation is severely chastened by incredulity.

GREAT YARMOUTH CUM CAISTER.

The scheme which has been rather a long while in the doing, for the junction of the Great Yarmouth and Caister links, has at length got itself accomplished, and it is impossible to think that the result can be other than the creation of one of the very finest seaside links in the world. I used to know the Great Yarmouth course very well indeed, and have been over the Caister course lately, and if Mr. Colt, who had the designing of the scheme, by which the two have been thrown into one, had put his experienced knowledge to work to make the worst thing possible out of such fine golfing material, it is hardly to be believed that anything but a first-class golf links could have emanated from his efforts, and since we may take it that he used his imagination and trained knowledge to make the best possible out of it, it ought to be very good indeed. In the old days the Great Yarmouth links, though even then of the highest rank, was handicapped by its situation—in the very driest corner of all the British Isles—but now that water is laid on to every green, a primary necessity of every self-respecting golf course, the behaviour of the clouds has become of less account. Of late years, and under modern conditions, the Great Yarmouth course has lacked length, but with Caister joined on to it, it ought to be long enough for Edward Ray or Edward Blackwell or any of the latter-day Jehus. H. G. H.

MR. MORNINGTON CANNON.

Mr. Mornington Cannon is rapidly attaining to the same fame on the golf course which is imperishably his on another kind of course altogether. At present he is one of those golfers as to whose handicap it is almost impossible to make a quite truthful statement; whatever you may say, those who have played against him in a foursome are apt to declare at the end of the game that they have been grossly deceived. I believe that his official handicap at Sunningdale, where he plays most of his golf, is somewhere in the region of 7 or 8, and this may possibly meet the justice of the case in a single; but in a foursome Mr. Cannon is much too good for it. Without possessing any vast length, he is extremely accurate, particularly with wooden club shots played right up to the hole; and in any particularly unpleasant circumstances, such as a storm of rain or snow or a really "gruelling" finish, he may be trusted to play better than usual. One of his most profitable partnerships has been with Mr. Norman Hunter, and these two over Sunningdale have beaten various very strong couples hurled against them, who had, one and all, "on paper," immeasurably the best of it, but lived to learn the sad truth that paper form is often a most unsatisfactory and disappointing thing.

MR. JEROME TRAVERS, AUTHOR.

When a young gentleman with a natural turn for ball games begins golf at a tender age and has the ambition and the concentration necessary for the practising with the mashie-niblick alone for "two or three hours at a stretch about three times a week for four years," he ought to become a good golfer, and this particular young gentleman, Mr. Jerome D. Travers, has become a very good golfer indeed. It is difficult to become a champion even without writing at least three books, and Mr. Travers, three times champion of the United States, is certainly entitled to the one book—"Travers' Golf Book"—in which he has just made this alarming confession as to the mashie-niblick. If there is nothing particularly original in his teaching, it is hardly possible to be original in this age of golf books without also being wrong. Mr. Travers is sound enough, and expresses himself in simple and straightforward language. It is language that occasionally seems a little curious to British readers, who are wholly unacquainted with the nature of a "birdie," who do not "turn in" cards of 75, nor "make" a hole in three; but this insularity must be sternly checked. The whole book gives one an entertaining insight into American golf and contains plenty of good advice, more especially as to putting, probably the strongest part of Mr. Travers' game, which he accomplishes with the Schenectady putter.

TRAVERS AND TRAVIS.

Mr. Travers gives some interesting accounts of his many duels with the great player who is so confusingly near to being his namesake, Mr. W. J. Travis. He beat Mr. Travis for the first time when he was but seventeen years old and "the old man," as Mr. Travis is called in America, had just earned undying glory by his victory of 1904 at Sandwich. Mr. Travers won by holing a ten-foot putt at the twenty-first hole, thereby proving, as has been proved over and over again since, that he was a great fighter. Not long afterwards he beat Mr. Travis again by 7 and 6 in the championship, and then had the tables turned on him in another tournament to the tune of 8 and 7. Then comes in the story an interesting little piece of human nature. After the match Mr. Travers accidentally overheard his conqueror say: "I do not expect that the boy will ever beat me again." Doubtless a crushing defeat coming on the top of a brilliant victory might have knocked the heart out of some young players, but Mr. Travis, who has certainly no lack of shrewdness, misjudged his man. In the next match he did beat the boy at the twenty-first hole, but then Mr. Travers won by 4 and 2, and a year later, when but nineteen, he became, as the American papers called him, a "kid champion." B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.



AND AGE LIFE'S WINTER DOTH APPEAR.

THE OLD OAK AT WESTON PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an old oak in the grounds here which I took in case you should think it worth insertion. At 21ft. from the ground its girth is 21ft. 4½in. measured straight round the waist of the tree, not in and out.—I. BRADFORD.

[We congratulate the Countess of Bradford on her charming photograph.—Ed.]

MAKING A FRUIT CAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Living as I do in a very bird-frequented neighbourhood, and not caring to shoot down the birds as a professional gardener might very well do, I am thinking of building a cage of wire netting in which to grow strawberries, raspberries, bush fruit and a few cherries. Never having done anything of the kind before, I sought advice from those who manufacture material and then from a professional gardener. Perhaps if I state the problems that confront me some of your readers who have had experience of this kind of erection may throw some light upon them. (1) Construction: I was at first advised to have a really strong cage with oak posts well sunk into the ground, and a bordering of 4in. by 4in. I am told now that in the first place there is no need to put anything into the ground at all, that a cage 15yds. by 10yds. resting on the solid earth is practically immovable, and that no wind, nothing, in fact, except an earthquake, is likely to move it; and, in the second place, that 2in. by 2in. is quite enough for the woodwork. (2) Netting: The choice of netting ranges between meshes of one inch, three-quarters of an inch and half an inch respectively. Thinking of the question of light and air, I felt inclined to choose a one-inch mesh, as the pilferers of raspberries and strawberries are mostly thrushes and blackbirds, which could not go through a mesh of that size; but the professional gardener is down on the little tom-tit, and says he can enter any mesh larger than a three-quarter-inch, while half an inch would mean a serious interference with light and air. (3) Height: It was suggested that 6ft. would be a good height, as that would allow of a tall man moving; but again the experienced gardener comes in and says that after cultivation, and when the trees are grown, the level of the soil rises, and he suggests 6ft. 6in. This is rather an awkward size for netting, on which, too, there is a difference of opinion. The seller of wire netting recommended me to have a width of 6ft., as he thought that would save trouble and make a better job of it; but the man of experience thinks that two widths of 3ft. each are better, because the larger width runs some risk of buckling. I am sure that there are many of your readers who would be very glad to know what is thought upon these points by those who have had a fruit cage for some length of time.—Z.

CAMELS IN A RUSSIAN TOWN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was not aware that camels were used as draught animals within the bounds of Europe until I became an eyewitness of the fact. The photograph which I enclose was taken at Tsaritsyn on the Volga. I also saw a few camels browsing on the steppes between the Volga and the Don. They regarded the railway train with a very supercilious air.—C. H. DICK.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT IN EUROPE.

WHY THE SHEEP JUMPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the book "A. H. C." enquires about is "The Evolutionist at Large," by Grant Allen, published in 1884 (second edition) by Chatto and Windus. It is a series of short popular papers on various subjects. One, called "In Summer Fields," contains the theory as to ancestral habits in sheep accounting for the whole flock jumping automatically when their leader jumps.—E. M. JOHNSTONE.

GOLDFISH TURNING PALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish to thank you for your most instructive letter about goldfish. I have had the fish out of the pond, and I think it has shed its coat. It seems quite well, but, instead of being a rich red gold, it is now about the colour of pale human skin. Do goldfish change their skins? Is it likely to recover its colour? Again thanking you for answering by letter so soon, thinking you might like to hear how the fish was progressing.—E. A. WOOD.

[It is a common occurrence for goldfish to change colour, and probably this one will turn quite white. As a rule, however, they come right again in course of time. See that the fish has every opportunity for basking in the sunlight, and do not leave it in an absolutely shadeless tank.—Ed.]

A HAUL OF MACKEREL AT LULWORTH COVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Most people are aware by hearsay of the beauties of a haul of mackerel, but it is not given to every land-lubber to see what a friend and I saw one glorious afternoon in May. Finding the beach deserted, our special boatman, who had been on the look-out for us, explained the absence of his mates by pointing to a big mackerel-boat at the other side of the little Cove, and a knot of men pulling hard at a net. He suggested rowing us over to see what he described as "a nice little haul of fish," and we promptly agreed. By the time we arrived at the desired spot the net had already enclosed the shoal, the ends had been brought together on the shore, and the floating corks marked out a limited space resembling a lane of green water, where sudden splashes of silver appeared and disappeared. Our boatman easily detected the agitated mass of fish, but it was some little time before our unaccustomed eyes were able to discern them, for it was their dark green backs and not their silver sides which were uppermost. An old fisherman in the mackerel-boat superintended operations, issuing his orders in the broadest Dorset to his assistants on the beach. These were obeyed implicitly, although the uniform of the "handy man" appeared next to the fisherman's jersey, for, with their usual readiness to lend a hand, some of the Coastguards had come from their station in the village. Old Jack freed the net wherever it "hatched"—and this occurred pretty frequently—shouting now to the ground party, who were in charge of the lower portion of the net, and then to those who looked after the corks or upper edge. "Haul in the east arm," he called peremptorily, and the corks on one side of the lane moved steadily towards the shore. "Draw up the west arm, haul away, can't ye? doänt

zim to have the strength of a mouse! Haul away all o' ye and be—" Here the picturesque expression which had almost pounced out from the old man's lips died before it was born, and we felt the atmosphere grow lighter. It was the duty of the ground party to manipulate the net so that it formed a sort of pocket on the seaward side, and the imprisoned fish, who had begun to realise their danger, rushed madly into it in their frantic efforts to regain the open sea. The well-tried mesh resisted the charge and back they rushed again, only to be further alarmed by the sights and sounds which met them on the beach. The final act of this piscatorial tragedy was quickly over, for when the chances of "hetching" on the sloping shore were at an end, the net closed in with a run, the surface of the sea was turned to silver, and a thousand tails lashed their own home, churning up the water into myriads of bubbles. The noise made by this struggling leaping mass of brightly burnished silver in their last fierce fight for freedom was quite remarkable, and the pink and blue opalescent shimmer never seen on a mackerel by inland purchasers shone resplendent in the sunshine. Among the haul was a fine conger eel, which was, however, promptly removed and carried up the beach, for this fish wreaks destruction on a net by means of his sharp, dog-like teeth. The moment the net had left the water there was plenty of work for everyone. Ready hands extricated the mackerel caught in the meshes, while others tumbled them into a basket and passed them on to be emptied promiscuously into the boat. The basket was one which had seen much service, and many a shapely head or tail peeped out from a hole in the bottom. The net was now empty and the well-laden boat conveyed its burden to the other side of the Cove, whence, after the lengthy operation of packing had been completed, the fish were despatched to London.—G. V. C.

THE DUTCH WOMAN AT HOME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in reading the articles that have appeared recently in COUNTRY LIFE on life in Holland. Perhaps you may like to publish the accompanying photograph, which typifies what struck me as a strong feature of Dutch life. The women seem to take a huge delight in using as much water as they can, and the vigorous way in which even the poorest use broom and pail



AN EXPERT WITH BROOM AND PAIL.

in Holland, the careless housewife or "slacker" is very much the exception there. I wish it were possible to think the same of the women of our English villages.—P. H.

A RARE PLANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if any of your readers are interested in wild flowers, but if they are they may be glad to know of a rare flower which I have found here growing on the banks of the Tay in June and July. The flower is *Astrantia major*, and is, I believe, very rare in Great Britain. I suppose it was washed down from a garden in some flood; but it is now growing wild in quantities along the river bank, and has been so, to my knowledge, for ten years. I do not know how long before that.—ISABEL STEUART FOTHERINGHAM, Murthly Castle, Murthly, Perthshire.

[*Astrantia major* is found wild in a few places, and is generally regarded as a naturalised plant. It is by no means common in a wild state, but is grown in many gardens.—Ed.]

WHY DADDY-LONG-LEGS HAVE LONG LEGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested in the letter by Mr. W. R. Butterfield in last week's issue of your always interesting paper on the subject of "Why a Daddy-long-legs Has Long Legs." The ingenious reason which he gives is somewhat of a surprise to me, and, although but a very humble student of natural life, I can hardly think that his reason is the true one. If you have watched a daddy-long-legs upon the grass at the time of year when it is seeking a suitable spot for the deposition of its eggs, you will have seen that the value of its long legs enables it to assume such a position that its ovipositor can be directed straight down to the surface of the soil in which the eggs are laid. The perfect adaptation of the creature's limbs for the chief purpose of its life has frequently been the subject of my admiration. I cannot but think that this is the true reason for the development of the long limbs, and that the one suggested by Mr. Butterfield is but an accidental attribute.—FRED D. IBBETT.

A WHITE ROOK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a white rook. I suppose his parents thought they had brought a monstrosity into the world, so kicked him out of the nest when his white feathers came. We picked him up on the lawn on May 14th, and he is quite white, with blue eyes. We have fed him on worms and



AN EXFATRIATED ROOK.

bread and cheese, and he has become perfectly tame, knows his name, Peter, and will come when called. He enjoys a bath, also has a nice taste for strawberries. Give him a big strawberry, and he puts a foot on it while he pulls it to pieces. He has also a taste for blue lobelia blossoms, which I do not care so much for.—G. H. DE WINTON.

CURIOUS HABITS OF THE PIED WAGTAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have noticed this year what seem to me two rather unusual occurrences in connection with a pair of pied wagtails. Last year a pair built their nest about three feet from the ground, in some ivy on a wall here with a western aspect, and reared their family there. This year a pair (I believe the same) built their nest in the same ivy at about six feet from the ground and nearly above the old nest. This year's nest is very visible to anyone walking along the pathway beside the wall. On two occasions when passing I noticed that both birds were sitting on the nest; one with its head towards the north and the other with its head towards the south. They reared their young, which left the nest between two and three weeks ago. Yesterday, when passing along the pathway, a stick I was carrying slightly struck the ivy just under where this year's nest is. To my surprise a pied wagtail flew out. Upon putting my hand into the nest I found it contained four or five fresh eggs, and I feel sure that this bird is one of the pair that reared this year's family. For upwards of thirty years I have observed the habits of many varieties of birds here; but I have never before seen a pair of wagtails sitting together on their nest, nor have I known a nest so quickly refilled with a second lot of eggs. Are not the two occurrences referred to unusual?—S. JOHNSON R. DICKSON, Chester.

AN EARLIER LAYER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue for July 12th a correspondent states that a pullet hatched from eggs set on January 14th had commenced laying a fortnight previously—presumably not earlier than June 20th. I may state that we have a pullet, hatched from eggs set on January 21st, which laid her first egg on June 22nd, and, with the exception of two days, has laid daily since.—A. GEOFFREY LEIGH.

A NEST IN A LANTERN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought the enclosed photograph might interest your readers. The lantern hung for two or three years in a potting-shed in the garden of our house at Layer Breton, Essex, and each year a pair of robins built in it and brought up a brood. This year the gardener moved the lantern into a wood shed in an adjoining orchard, and the robins followed it and again brought up a brood in the fresh place. In one of the photographs, which were taken by the village postman, the young birds can be seen awaiting a meal.

—EDITH M. GRIPPER.

[We reproduce one of the pictures.—Ed.]



ROBIN'S CASTLE.

"OUR FRIEND THE HERON."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of June 14th appeared a letter under the above heading from Mr. W. G. Burn-Murdoch, in which he appears to believe, in common with a keeper who reported the incident, that because a heron swallowed a sham game



HERONS' NESTS AT ROTTERDAM.

egg, the whole tribe of these "beautiful birds" (to quote his own writing) would be better under glass cases. Because a heron came upon an exposed egg and swallowed it is no reason to suppose that these birds are likely to develop the habit of searching out for game or other eggs in order to feed upon them. Fancy a heron stalking up the hedgerows looking for partridge nests! If Mr. Burn-Murdoch



PART OF THE TWENTY NESTS IN ONE TREE.

or the keepers saw a sovereign laid upon the ground, I presume they would pick it up and put it in their pockets; they would not for this reason be branded as undesirables, and no one would suggest on that account that they should be put safely in confinement. Yet it is on a par with this that Mr. Burn-Murdoch suggests drastic treatment to these "beautiful birds." Herons do not by any means confine their feeding to "game" fish, but do a great deal of good in destroying a number of water-voles, eels and "coarse" fish generally. Some years ago an angling club to which I belonged found some likely water, as they thought, suitable for rearing trout fry to yearlings and two year olds. A large number of fry were turned out, but it appears the water contained a number of sticklebacks, who soon cleared out the trout fry, so the experiment, owing to want of sufficient forethought or investigation, failed. This year I visited a Yorkshire heronry, where the nests are placed in high trees fifty or sixty feet up. Inspecting one nest, the young birds flapped out, and one, missing his perch, glided to the ground. Upon approaching him he disgorged quite twenty sticklebacks. Evidence here that the heron was doing good work. Passing through Rotterdam recently, I paid a hurried visit to the Zoo there, and was charmed and delighted with a sight which I am afraid would have horrified your correspondent. Right in the centre of a thriving, busy city, in comparatively low trees, is the largest heronry I have ever seen; at least one hundred and fifty nests, all of which contained young. The chattering and gurgling proceeding from the young birds was a sound one is not likely soon to forget. One tree, an ash, unlike the rest, was not yet in leaf, and a good view could be obtained of twenty nests in this one tree. Underneath these trees is a large aviary containing storks, herons of various kinds, gulls, etc., and some of the wild herons have even built their nests upon the netting roof of the aviary. The Dutchmen think a lot about their fisheries, naturally, yet they are not so

bigoted as to wish for the destruction of every feathered creature who would be likely to interfere in any slight manner with them. Neither your correspondent nor any other person, because they choose to rear trout in a certain confined area for their own sport and pleasure, have any right to destroy herons or any other birds the sight of which gives pleasure to a great number of people. I am thankful to say that in Yorkshire, and in the West Riding particularly, the heron is protected throughout the year, and, despite application from other bodies



THE YOUNG HERON AFTER DISGORGING STICKLEBACKS.

inviting them to remove this protection, the County Council have refused to do so. Steaming down one of the waterways in South Holland, I had the unusual experience of seeing in a rookery rooks, herons and cormorants perched on the trees; it was quite evident that the two former were nesting in some numbers, and I think there were also nests of the latter, but could not be quite sure. Reverting a moment to sticklebacks. The owner of a duck decoy and fishery upon a large island in the South of Holland, noted for the number of large and fine eels he obtains, lifted one of his eel-traps in my presence, and among his captures were a number of very fine sticklebacks, many of them females heavy with spawn. These he carefully gathered and replaced in the water. I suggested that he should have left them on the ground for the black-headed gulls, whose eggs he gathers, to feed upon; but he said they formed the best food for his eels, and that he considered it was the great quantity of stickleback food which they obtained that caused his eels to be such fine specimens. With regard to sham eggs, the keeper upon an estate near here gathers all the outlying partridges' eggs, taking them from day to day, and replacing the egg taken by a sham egg made from boxwood. There are a number of jackdaws and crows in the neighbourhood, and some of these sham eggs bear strong evidence, in the shape of numerous indentations, of the struggle the sable rascals have had to find an opening into them.—R. FORTUNE.

THE CAMP CART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to Mr. E. Harvey Jervis' article on the Camp Cart, May 10th, my friend and I did some camping under similar conditions, only we found the wind resistance great on exposed roads. A book called "Gipsy Tents, and How to Use Them," gave us the idea, and our cart developed into practically a gipsy tent on wheels. One soon gets used to the lower roof, which, after all, when one thinks of it, is only the result of ages of experience. This may help to keep others from making the same mistake as we did if they have exposed country to go through. The article is all very practical, and quite agrees with our experience otherwise, and brought back many memories of the most enjoyable holidays I have ever spent.—O. P. THOMPSON, Akyah, Burma.

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